THOUGHTS OF A FOOL

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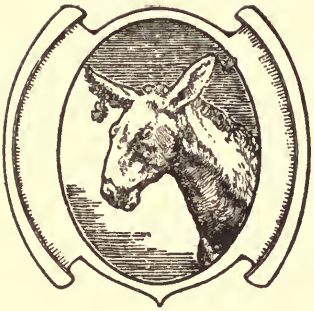
BY

EVELYN GLADYS, pseud. of Herman Kuehn



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MY GENEALOGY

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THE reason for my foolishness was analyzed. "Her mother is to blame." "It is her father," says another. "Bad training," says the third. I don't know what the fourth said, but I assure you that my parents and their ancestors are not to be held responsible for me. There is a conviction that abides with me that I did not inherit any foolish notions. I think all of them are my very own. For my ancestry is replete with scintillant examples of the wisdom of the various eras through which man has progressed.

Tracing my pedigree back to the beginning of history, and even into prehistoric times, I find that I descend from illustrious houses on both sides. One of my progenitors was a great military chieftain. His brother was a high priest of Baal, at that time one of the most respectable of the gods. His son was a learned judge. He had a daughter whose beauty was the envy of all heathendom. She is said to have had red hair and green eyes, and perhaps my own auburn locks — but this is scarcely germane to the subject in hand — and she was virtuous and holy. She avoided doing anything that could be subjected to criticism. She would not associate with men, because men in her day were

abominably wicked. She never broke her vow to refrain from marriage; and her son was just as holy as she was. The military chief crucified a rebel, that his son, the judge, had condemned, and the vast majority of the people of the country voted him a medal. By the time the judge's son had grown to manhood the people, who were very changeful in those ancient times, repented of the medal their fathers had bestowed on the sapient judge, and the son contributed it to a fund that was being gathered for the erection of a monument to the memory of him that had been crucified. He also helped to support the priests who were now preaching that the man who had been done to death in his father's day and at his father's judgment was a prophet and a martyr. He demonstrated his good citizenship by helping to stone to death another rebel, who in turn also became the central figure in a religious system. And all the way down through my lineage, my forebears have been crucifying rebels, and building temples in their names after a generation or two. Thus my forefathers have always protected the gods of their day against innovations, and erected new gods when they discovered material for deification in the victims of their righteous wrath. At any rate, they were always right and respectable while they lived. Respectable people are always right. To be respectable it is necessary to choose to be right while we live, no matter how wrong our actions may be considered after we are dead.

If we are to take our choice between being right

while we live and being right after our death, the respectable people will always choose to be right while they live. To be right after you die you will have to be disreputable sometimes while you live, and thereby suffer inconvenience. So he chose to be right while he lived.

The same story repeats itself again and again. The son following the opinion of the public as it changed, and praising the dead one his father helped execute. And so on along the line up to the more recent eras, the history of which is being taught in the public schools.

The children in our schools of to-day are taught to revere the names of the rebels of the past, and to crucify the rebels of our own day. All of which goes to show that no matter how far I delve into the past of my ancestry, they never violated the canons of true respectability.

Mother still has a manuscript certificate to prove that she and all her people were loyal subjects of King James of blessed memory—and my father has a peck or more of medals that have come down to him as testimonials of the favor which our house has ever enjoyed in the eyes of royalty. This genealogy ought to admit me anywhere. So I cannot understand why the nice little daughters will not play with me. However, the sons are not so distant, and I am just fool enough not to care so very much about the daughters after all.

HOW SMART I AM

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WHEN a person feels he knows a thing or two which other people have been too stupid to discover, he is a wise person. Then a feeling comes to him—a kind of a desire to enlighten the public concerning the things they do not know; incidentally—how smart he is.

The public, also desiring to be wise, facilitates the spreading of that which the wise know, by establishing schools, colleges, universities, and academies, and by instituting lecture courses. The choicest method with which to unload wisdom is by the book route. Endowments are secured for public libraries, book stores are opened, and publishing houses grind out the wisdom of the wise. If your name is inscribed on a book-cover you are then officially wise and are eligible to be a bohemian. It gives you a license to get drunk, to borrow money, and to be a free lover. There are only two other classes that are lucky enough to be equal to the book-writer and also enjoy the privileges of bohemianism—they are the actors and painters. All are included under the name of "Artist." The politician also claims the privilege, but he really is not entitled to it.

There is much wisdom in the world. In order to have even a slight comprehension of the extent of it, visit the public and private libraries and see the heavy laden shelves. Then let a publisher tell you the percentage of the manuscripts which are not printed, add them, and multiply the result by ten thousand; it is doubtful if even then you will be anywhere near the mark.

When I discovered that I was awfully smart I decided to unload my wisdom on the public in the shape of a book. I know that I am wise, yet I am modest. I do not think that I am so wise as the other wise people think they are; but many facts presented themselves to convince me that I am smarter than the wise people I meet. They are specialists; they are up on one line, and they talk and write about that particular line.

If you ask a person who has written a book on economics, concerning art, he will tell you that in economics he knows it all; as for art—you will have to go elsewhere. You will rarely find a person who will admit that he is wise in more than one thing. But I confess that I am the proud possessor of a department storehouse of wisdom where you can find any subject you may desire. Another point which I have discovered in my favor is that their knowledge is not absolute. When a person places before you the fact that he is wise you can generally find another wise man who will prove that the facts produced by the other fellow are not facts at all; and that number two is the one

who has the wisdom which you thought number one had; then you are likely to hear number three contradict number two, and he in turn asks for the applause to which wisdom is entitled.

By the discovery of old fossils a system of physical geography is established. By the discovery of some more fossils we overturn that system and establish another. This morning I read that more fossils have been discovered, which means that we are wrong again. I am convinced that there are any number of old fossils that are walking around everywhere; and from this I conclude that wrongness is universal.

The knowledge which I possess is absolute, and of such a character that any number of fossils are not capable of upsetting it. The most important point which I discovered in my favor, and not to be overlooked is, that the wise do not transfer to others the knowledge which they claim to possess. Therefore it seems to me that the value of what they claim to possess is overestimated.

An artisan, when he knows how to make something, it matters not what it is, can transfer to you that which he knows. Then you too become the possessor of that knowledge. A farmer can teach you how to farm, a shoe-maker who knows how to make shoes can transfer his knowledge to you; then you know how, and in turn can teach others, so they too are able to make shoes. But suppose you are anxious to know something about spiritualism, theosophy, or any other

thing that would come under the name of "religion"—occult, psychic, or cosmic. It requires a lifetime to read the books on those subjects. After reading them through you possess the knowledge that the writer of them claims that he knows something concerning something which he calls by a certain name; but you don't know the something, neither do you know what the something he claims to know is; neither do you know that he actually knows the things he claims he knows. After all, you have only his statement that he knows. The same is also true of all the sciences and everything which would come under the name of wisdom. They cannot transfer their knowledge to you.

The critic who writes and talks about art asks us to reverence him; not for the thing he makes us know—he cannot do that. He wants us to appreciate him for the something which he claims he possesses and which we lack; and for the life of us we cannot comprehend what it is that we lack. When the musical critic tells us about the atmosphere and the lights and the shadows of the "Aria" sung by the great barytone, or when the great critic tells us about the sharps, flats, half-notes, and symphony which he discovered in the beautiful pictures, he has not transferred his beautiful knowledge to us. We only stand before him with bared heads and admire his cleverness; but he has not wisdomized us; we did not get smart by hearing his discourse. The more we hear him the smarter he appears to us, and the "foolisher" we feel we are.

A critic (after confessing to him that I did not know a thing he was talking about), thinking to pacify me, once said: "Don't despair, you will yet cultivate an appreciation of art." And I wonder if the people who have cultivated a taste for olives are any happier than I who cannot relish them. If wisdom is great from the fact that it satisfies a craving for a cultivated desire and not a natural one, then why not cultivate the itch for the pleasure of scratching yourself?

I have tapped the thought-waves which radiate from the greatest minds of the world—the ones living as well as the ones who have gone before, and the ones who are yet to come—and it does not satisfy me. I went to see Bernard Shaw's Candida, and while I agree with him that there is plenty of love in the world, it is not true that the reason it is manifestless is because of its shyness. My heart tells me that the world's knowledge stands in the way of the world's love. It is the people who know that make it hard for the people who don't know, but who feel.

There are people who know things, and they know them because it has been told them by their teachers and their parents, and they have records of the same from men of the past; and the people who have made the records know it to be so because they were told by their teachers and their parents, who heard it from their teachers and their parents; and these last will in turn impart it to their children and their pupils, that they may know the antiquities. They have the

records carved in stone to prove that what they say is true. They are the wise. They are the people who deal in well-established houses which have stood the test of time; they are the ones who will not risk being taken in or swindled.

They buy old paintings, old books, old furniture, —buy them because they are old and therefore must be good. When they purchase anything modern it is done only after long discussion and on the judgment of the critics—who know all things.

When they give anything to charity it must be the old and well established. They are the foremost in charity balls, church fairs, and subscriptions for the Red Cross Society. If they give you a subscription for something untried and new, they will give it to you only on the indorsement of so many other names. They will say, "I will subscribe if you will get twenty other influential people to do the same." They are always afraid to be alone in a thing—always want to be with the crowd. They are very careful of their actions; it might hurt their social position. In the world of ideas they get the oldest ones—and the older the better; and they will surely be angry with you if you disturb any of their ideas.

I know that I don't know a thing, and this knowledge is so rooted within me and absolute that even when a number of the wise tried to teach me something, I found after they were through with me, that they did not succeed in convincing me that I know any more

than I did before they started to educate me; although they did convince me that they themselves not only know nothing, but are unreasonable as well; for it stands to reason that when a person asserts that a certain thing exists, he should furnish proof when called upon that the thing he says exists, really exists. When a man claims that he has certain knowledge on a certain subject, and on the strength of this knowledge he wishes to be considered wise, he ought to be ready at any time to produce evidence that he is actually the possessor of that knowledge. And so, thought I, when I asked them for proof, that they would gladly furnish it. But they fooled me; which, of course is proof that they are fools. Does it not take a galvanizer to galvanize; a wisdomite with a stock of wisdom to wisdomize you? So it takes a fool well supplied with foolishness to fool you. They asked me to prove that they didn't know the thing they claimed to know. While their reasoning is illogical, still it is logical, because it takes a person who knows that he knows not to impart that knowledge to others; and they in turn know not.

I am an expert in my line. I am awfully proud of the knowledge I possess; it is concrete—I can transfer it. After I tell you, you too, as well as I, know what I know; therefore I can be independent with what I know. I do not have to ask you to come to me before you go elsewhere; the fact is, I urge you to go the rounds before you come to me. After you have

swallowed all the others can supply, and consider yourself wise, then if you come to me, I will examine you and let you show me what it is that you claim to know.

That I know that I do not know, no one is disputing. That I know nothing is granted. The disputed point is your claim that you know something; which, of course, is not true. You have simply forgotten that you do not know; and with my convincing knowledge that I do not know, I transfer that knowledge to you, by asking you to forget that you have forgotten that you do not know; which is equivalent to still not knowing. Here is where we stand: I don't know anything about anything, and I know that I don't know. My discussions, therefore, are about things I don't know; and as I don't know anything, therefore I can discuss anything. You also don't know anything, but you think that you know something, which you discuss; therefore, you are limited to the thing which you think you know. But in reality you also don't know anything and as all of us do not know anything, our system of life, which is based on knowledge, is faulty, because we have no knowledge to build it on.

Come, let us reason together. How I got here I don't know! What I am here for I don't know! Why I should not love everything my love wants to love I don't know! Why I should not gratify my love I don't know! Why I should make myself believe that I know lots of things which in reality I know not I don't know! So I admit that I don't know! Why

I should worry my head with lots of things I can't use I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should plan and scheme a life for myself after I die I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should become patriotic and kill people I never saw, or get killed by them, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I should reverence the opinion of men who don't know any more than I, although they say they do, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, an intellectual parasite, should consider myself superior to one of the other kind, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, one kind of a thief, should prosecute another, I don't know; therefore I don't! Why I, a fool who knows nothing, should distrust Life that placed me before all other animals of the earth, I don't know; therefore I don't! Since I don't know why I should not trust to life, and seeing the result of Life's accomplishment without my intellectual aid, I "let" the Life which is in me, and of which I am a part, guide me. Instinctively it impresses me with the finale of the things I need. Of course "instinct" is not the proper tool with which to forge conclusions in this practical world. The intellectual method is to reason from a premise, then by degrees get nearer and nearer, and the end reached would be the conclusion. Not being intellectual, I start with the instinctive conclusion; and then my intellect takes the step which must be taken to bring me to the conclusion already concluded. Therein my reasoning is different from the rest of the

reasoners' reasoning. But who cares?—the things which will make me happy, I seek; the painful ones, I avoid.

I love because I love to love! I get pleasure from loving, and why should I ask more? So you see, by not pretending to know anything, Life knows me better than you know Life by pretending you know something which you do not. So I let Life do my work —or Life's work, it matters not which it is. The whole universe is ready to help me; while you, in knowing, everything is against you; and as you do not know how to manage Life you are a failure. I am happy and you are not. You are afraid while I do not know what to fear. Ignorance, you say, is the cause of fear. That is not true. Fear is composed of unreliable knowledge. You are not afraid of nothing; you are afraid of something. If that something exists, it is then sensing danger, which is not fear; when that something does not exist—like ghosts—then it is fear; and only people who know and believe in ghosts are afraid of them. Not knowing anything which is not so, I sense danger, but have no fear.

I don't worry, neither do I regret. Why should I regret? If I have done something which resulted in painful experience, by avoiding repetition I make amends. As regretting takes the time which should go to make amends, therefore regretting injures instead of helps. So, if you really regret, you will not regret, but make amends; but if you keep on regretting you really don't regret.

WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT?

WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT?

A SETTING hen on a quota of duck eggs, by diligent application to her business, will hatch out ducklings. She'll produce you goslings on a capital of goose eggs. It's what's inside of the shell that will count in the long run. There's some comfort in knowing what to expect under given conditions, and by understanding the egg law you upholster yourself against the hard blows of surprises.

As you sow so shall you reap. Why should you be surprised that we have all about us an element that is growing stronger, fiercer, louder—which threatens to upset all we hold dear to civilization?

You do not understand how it befalls that in a country like ours, so bountifully freighted by nature with all that makes for human well-being, there should be discontent rampant. While our workmen have each a full dinner-pail, what warrant have they to take up with such fads as anarchism, socialism, single-taxery, trade-unionism, and the like? How comes it that these ignorant people should allow themselves to be swayed by heresies that threaten to undermine the peace of society? Well may we tremble for the future!

The "divine right of property" is being impugned;

the expediency of land-ownership is being challenged; our homes are in danger; the family, the very root of social cohesion, is threatened; and even the holy kitchen stove is in danger! Not an institution exists whose *raison d'être* is not under scrutiny.

The wisdom of God—nay, the very existence of deity—is questioned, and bold inquiry challenges creation. Everywhere society is conscious of peril. You see these things and you marvel. Your face has a look on it like one standing outside of the grocery store trying to recall what it is that he has forgotten.

How could it be otherwise?

What could Laban expect in mutton futures in view of the transaction he made with Jacob, his prospective son-in-law, in the first and second degrees?

You remember the story, how the wily old sheep-raiser palmed off Leah on the young fellow when it was Rachel he was after; and how he had to put in seven more strenuous years to pay for Rachel.

In this old Bible story of Jacob and his dealing with Laban is a moral, embodying a lesson for society.

Jacob's revach (or rake-off, in modern vernacular) after Laban had unloaded the ladies upon him, was to consist of all the spotted and speckled lambs. Rake-off was ever the mother of ingenuity, and Jacob promptly discovered a process to induce sheep to beget spotted offspring. He tried a game of psychologic suggestion on the mother sheep during bearing time. He set up lines of twigs with the bark peeled

off in spots, which gave the sheep mothers a speckled point of view, resulting in a larger than ordinary percentage of off-color lambs.

This may look like a "dirty Jew trick," which none of our best people would countenance, and the discovery of such chicanery by any member of the board of trade would probably subject him to prompt expulsion, and serve him well right, of course, but what could Laban expect?

There is an irrefragable law back of Jacob's formula.

Whatever ideals you place before sheep of any country will secure their respect and adherence. Your mudsill may not achieve all that your hero has attained, but he will approach as nearly to the ideal as his power will admit of his doing. You do not want our lowlier classes to be anarchists and communists and insurgents, yet you point to the anarchists and communists and insurgents of other days with fond pride and unmistakable admiration.

We must remodel our Pantheon. There are too many speckled twigs in the gallery of fame. Let us set Carrie Nation and her redoubtable hatchet to work demolishing statues of the disturbers of the peace of the world, that our own peace be no longer endangered.

Can we afford to parade our national heroes as examples to our working-classes? Do we not already see the insurgency that such ideals as Washington has instilled in the breast of our humble classes? George

Washington is our great national hero. But suppose we were to rehearse his history in brief, omitting his name and the glamour that we associate with it, what would we think of such a man to-day?

Given a commission in his Britannic Majesty's Colonial Army, he defaulted allegiance to his king over so sordid a matter as a trifle of stamp duties. He became commander-in-chief of an army that was in rebellion against the crown under which he had been exalted. His triumph consisted in disobedience to law, and he became the father of his country, much revered by school-children on February 22d, when that date does not fall on a Sunday, and on July 4th, when it does not rain. With such ideals, there is no wonder that some Americans follow his example.

If Lord Cornwallis had been held up for admiration, to-day the results would have been far different. He was a patriot and a hero. He was a man who served his king; he was a true pillar of law and order.

The life of Washington was one of disobedience and treason to his king. The very act of gathering his army was treason. His triumph was by breaking the law. With Washington as Ideal—what can you expect?

Come down to John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry. For the past forty years he has been held up before the people for admiration, as a martyr, a lover of justice, and a friend of man. What did John Brown do? He deliberately began to form an army and re-

lease the negroes, who were the private property of many of the nation's best citizens. Defying the power of the state and the nation's laws, he entrenched himself in a little building at Harper's Ferry. Surrounded by a few staunch friends and the negroes who had followed his lead, they attempted to fight, and succeeded in killing a few respectable law-abiding citizens. Finally, he was hanged by the neck, the authorities punishing him like a common criminal. That same John Brown is celebrated in song and in story. Children are taught to know of him and to love him; and yet, he was a man who defied law and order.

If such people are held up before the eyes of admiring youth, do not think these lads will be satisfied with things as they are. If you honor rebels and law-breakers, what can you expect?

Oliver Cromwell, "Old Ironsides," as he was called, was a hero. At least the Protestant part of Great Britain thinks so to this day. Oliver Cromwell hated kings and rulers as they then held sway, and was the direct cause of one king at least being murdered. Cromwell had very little regard, or none at all, for the laws of his country. When the British Parliament did not suit him he drove it out of doors. He went about agitating the people against the existing powers of the land. This ended in many bloody battles against the rulers. He managed to die in bed, but the good people came to their own after his death. His ashes were dug up and scattered to the winds. In

the land where we find Oliver Cromwell held up as an ideal, we revolt at the idea of its youth taking him as a model. Had the respectable English been held up for admiration, or had their representatives been thus honored, the result would have been far different. But with Cromwell as the guiding-star, what can you expect?

Or revert to the illustrious figures of long gone.

Take Moses, for instance, the great ideal of the Jews. Place him under the intellectual microscope. Moses did not have a spark of refinement. He was an ingrate of the worst kind, and a trickster. He had even committed murder. Just consider his true history. A foundling who had been left in a place where fashionable people were accustomed to bathe, was discovered by the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the noble King Pharaoh as she was going for a swim, and saw the child lying in the bullrushes playing with his toes. Instead of calling a policeman and having the baby taken to an orphan asylum, she bade her maid-in-waiting to bring it to her. Taking it to her own bosom, she bore it to the royal palace, and called the royal help to assist her in bringing him up. Thus she gave Moses every advantage which a home at court could provide. He throve well and grew strong under this excellent care. This lad sat at the king's table, slept in a bed provided by the king, and his clothes were selected from the royal wardrobe. He was sent to the king's school, and doubtless played

foot-ball in the king's team. One would think that Moses would have been grateful for all this kindness, and that nothing would be too hard a task for him to do in the service of the king and his daughter.

Suppose you take the story of Moses, omitting the names of the parties, and then submit it with this question to our wise men: "If a man had been treated thus, what ought he to do?" Give us your opinion as to the answer you suppose you would receive.

Tell us what the wise men of the universities and the big salaried priests would say to this question.

"Why," they would all say, "a man should sacrifice his life for his benefactors." Now, how did Moses repay for all these benefactions? He began by fraternizing with the hoodlums of society. He mingled with the workers in the king's brickyard, and created disturbances, becoming one of the lowest kinds of labor agitators, and adopting the methods of a curb-stone orator. The opportunity of his life was for him to become a member in the cabinet of Pharaoh. He could have had an important secretaryship had he chosen so brilliant a career, for Moses had brains, though they went wrong I would say; for rather than to stand in high places, he chose to cast his fortune with slaves, the scum of Egypt. Finally he organized this scum into a mob, borrowed jewels of the Egyptian society people, then sneaked away, followed by all his dirty and tattered friends. This man Moses is the

patron saint held up as the great law-giver before the Jews and Christians of to-day.

To get the results that you desire you should hold up as ideals Pharaoh and his daughter. Hold them up with the smart set; hold them up with the priests and the charity associations of these times. If you hold up that man Moses as an ideal, what can you expect?

Another example is that of Jesus, whom we hold up as an ideal, yet whose principles and practices would be regarded as scandalous if introduced into public and private life to-day. Born without a claim of legal paternity, his cradle was a manger in a stable; allowed to grow up in the streets and run around the country like a tramp, leaving home again and again, causing his mother no end of worry and anxiety.

He discussed anarchism and socialism with a fluent tongue, and confused the elders wherever he went. He stirred up discontent and subsequent disorder. He laughed at the laws and customs of his land, and by his clear-cut oratory he drew to himself a number of followers, who, like himself, went about fomenting disorder among the people.

The priests and the ruling classes, horrified by his attitude and presumption, saw clearly that his doctrines were subversive not only of the status quo, but of all right and justice whatever. He was warned time and again to behave, yet he did not heed the warning, but kept right on with his treasonable teachings.

The common people heard him gladly, though it may be said to the credit of the upper classes that few of them ever attended his seditious gatherings. The better elements of society saved the country, and they nailed Jesus to the cross between two thieves. Thus history vindicated itself in advance by giving us a good working plan for our treatment of the Haymarket tragedy of Chicago.

And we persist in holding up as an ideal before the young and impressionable of our day a man who in his time was a criminal and ignominiously put to death by the priests and the respectable element of his age. Did we hold up Pilate and Caiaphas as models we would be acting logically, as they were representatives of the best society of the times, just as the same pattern is in our own day. But if you hold up such a man as Jesus for the admiration of the plastic mind of our unenlightened, what can you expect?

You must not poison the mind of the child with the ideas of anarchism. The brain of a child is magnetic. It holds fast to its impressions. If you wish a contented, leave-me-alone, stand-pat kind of a world, change your ideals.

The revolutionists of the past are the result of the ideals held before the people.

You must stop inoculating the minds of the people with ideals exalting insurgency and anarchism if you would be spared the rational results of such teachings, or you may continue worshiping the ideals, if you like

in which case, expect not that you can gather figs from thistles. If you sow the wind you have no right to expect to be spared the whirlwind.

Those whom we hold up to be honored will be honored. If we do not want to establish the unworthy, why do we not rather extol those who never break the laws of their country? Why do we not teach our youth to revere the men and women whose whole object in life is to do what others do? This discontented mob which threatens society is the fruit of the ideals in the minds of to-day. We should not wonder at its existence, but should rather look to its causes and understand them. Now, what can you expect?

And you, discontented hoodlum, what are you whining and crying about—the rich oppressing you?

You of the dissatisfied element, I cannot see where you have a kick coming! You make the solemn declaration that you want a thing, and when you get it you grumble that you have got it. What do you want anyway?

If I would declare that I believe that standing in the way of an irresistible force means death, and that I was far too young, good-looking, or for other reasons known to myself, I did not wish to die yet, and if by accident I happen to get in the way of this terrible force, and some one would pull me away from my dangerous position, should I be angry with him? No, I should be thankful and appreciative. For it was he who saved my life!

My Christian friends, the way to salvation you have declared, is that if your coat is taken by any one to give him the overcoat also; if you are smitten on one cheek, turn the other to be struck as well; if you are made to walk a mile, to walk another just to show that there are no hard feelings on your part.

These are the things you declare you will have to do in order to get yourself into the Kingdom of Heaven. By the money and energy which you spend in placing your wisdom and knowledge among the savages, by the large salaries you spend for the pious to induce them to become your spiritual guides, and by the way you support all of those institutions, you give evidence that you are very anxious to be saved. And when an opportunity is offered you to make good and you are not there, it looks like a bluff on your part, for if you meant what you said you would be thankful to the man who compels you to give him your overcoat when he has taken your coat and you have forgotten to give it to him yourself. He shows that he loves you, or else he would not take the interest in you to save you. Yes, you should be very grateful to him, but you know that you are professing ideals that you will not live. You know that if one smite you on one cheek, you will turn the other in order to spy out a policeman to take your assailant to the lock-up, and you will appear against him in the police court next morning full of zeal to have the fellow severely punished. Thus you miss opportunities to put into actual operation the very

maxims you pretend to admire. And you punish the person who gave you the chance to live up to your ideal.

The fact is that you have no ideals. You talk about them glibly, but you are false in fact to everything you profess. Prepare then for the cataclysm! What else can you expect?

ON THE GROUND FLOOR

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IF you wish to be on the ground floor get wisdom, because wisdom is the ground floor and everything in civilization rests on it. Wisdom begets wisdom. Therefore the wisdomites are the only ones who can wisdomize you. They will do it either by getting you a degree, by converting you, or by getting you a political job. It is honorable to be wise. The wise are sought after at dinners and public gatherings, are also invited to head a club list and become honorary members therein. Their opinion is sought after by corn doctors, patent medicine men, women's clubs, and other organizations which work for the uplifting of mankind.

Education, ethics, and law are the fountain trinity whence wisdom flows. While they each have a channel and a distinct field of operation of their own, their work is very closely allied. Their work so blends and overlaps that one cannot tell where the work of each begins or ends. So they encroach on each other's fields at times, but as they are not members of any labor unions, it is permissible.

Wisdom is great! It is constantly misunderstood because of its greatness. While we, too, would like to

be wise, and we applaud wisdom, yet the wisdom of the wise is a mystery to us — we do not understand the why and wherefore. Professor Triggs, when told that the "Women's Aid" complained that they could not understand what he was driving at, in a lecture he delivered to them, replied, "The lecture was too deep; I guess I talk over their heads." By that he meant that they were not wise enough to understand him. While I confess that even I am not yet initiated in its mystery, yet I feel myself capable of explaining why wisdom is not understood. While it is so perfectly clear and comprehensible to the wise, yet it is a foreign language to us. This I believe will explain it. The masses (myself included) are ignorant of the premise on which wisdom rests. We do not understand the universal scheme. What puzzles us is the confusion with which life works through its varied organisms. I do not see why each organism in life should be guided by the life within itself, while man needs a guide apart from the life which is in him, and yet depends on life in another self. Why should every being guide its own individual life and leave others to guide their own, while man guides other men's lives and neglects his own. In other words, why should every being mind its own business, and man mind everybody's business except his own? A flower, a tree, an insect, the animal and the fool, each comes into being and reaches its end, without effort or restraint on its part. It seems a flower gets pleasure from the

blooming, a tree gets joy in its growth. From the time the seed takes root till it sprouts and until it has completed its growth, all is accomplished without resistance. It finds its happiness in its transformation. While growing it is traveling on the road of pleasure — the easy road.

A bronco roaming wild is thriving on the gratification of its heart's desires. It resents the restraint of being put into harness. It kicks, bites, and does everything in its power to keep its freedom, to live a happy bronco life. But a stronger force enslaves it and compels it to do things it does not like to do. Man, by conquering, subduing, and placing a bit in the bronco's mouth, makes it obey him because it is then easier for the horse to go in the direction led than otherwise and get his jaws hurt. We understand that much of it. What we do not understand is why it does not work the same with man. Why does not life direct man and make his evolution a matter of joy, and if life could not do that, then why did not life create a stronger force than man to take charge of him, and, as with the bronco, have a bit placed in his mouth. Even that would be more simply understood than the explanation which the wise have given us. They say that man's desires for pleasure are bent in the wrong channel. If he would follow them he would be doomed. If he would follow his inclination he would stunt his own growth, and since he likes to be wise, he does not need a superior force to subdue

him. He supplies the power to other beings like himself to make him do that which he does not like to do. Here the wisdomites get in their work. (You can interpret that sentence more than one way.) They come and save us from the awful peril which confronts us. They begin with us when we are still children, and keep it up until we become perfected and enrolled in the wisdomites' camp; or if we are so unfortunate as not to be successful in our examination, they do not forsake us, but keep us under their guidance till we die. And even then we are not sure that we are saved; we might go to hell after all.

It is so hard to become perfect. The road to destruction is so broad and easy. The temptations and possibilities to fail are so great that few escape it. Narrow is the path and full of obstacles to virtue and perfection. The possibilities of failure are large. It is necessary, nay it is the duty of the wise, to safeguard the individual by making rules and counter-rules for our guidance. The rules are so conflicting that it makes it difficult to master them. I, too, once thought that I could make a rule, and like Buster Brown, I got into trouble. (Unless you are wise you cannot make any rule that will hold good.) I thought it to be the principle of the wise that it is evil to gratify one's desires. So when mother sent dainties to my teacher (she loved the stuff mother made, she said), in order to save the teacher from evil, I ate the dainties. When she found it out she taught me a lesson that

convinced me that my logic was wrong. Incidentally I was convinced that I am incapable of making rules for guidance; and that I must constantly consult the oracle as to which is the right thing to do and which is not.

All the fountain channels of wisdom proceed from love. It is preached everywhere. They tell us to love the good, the true, and the beautiful. Then they tell us what is truth, what is good, and what is beautiful. After that they tell us what love is. The analyst will read our books for us and tell us whether it is wise for us to read them. If he finds in the book anything that will contaminate us he warns us against it. Or he will see a play for us and instruct us whether to see or avoid it. I have not yet been able to discover how the wise himself keeps from being inoculated by a bad book or an unworthy play; and if he be infected, then I should be chary of accepting his advice. Indeed, I think there must be many like me, who, on being warned against a book or a play, insist on seeing it for themselves. Perhaps this accounts for the large sales of bad books and the big crowds that attend the production of wicked plays. It is surprising to see how wise the wise are. They can even tell your thoughts, and if your thoughts do not agree with what they tell you you think, then you think wrong, and have to change them.

The mass would say that the author of a book wrote what he meant and meant what he wrote, and

let it go at that; but the ones who know, say that the man who wrote the book did not mean what he said he meant, but he meant what he did not say.

Take, as one example, the Songs of Solomon. The masses read this book and think that Solomon meant what he said. They think it is a beautiful love-song, wherein the passionate lover gives full sway to his feelings. A song which, if properly treated, would come under the ban of the Puritan Comstock, and should be excluded from the United States Puritan mail. Any woman who loves and is loved will know that Solomon sang to the woman who was first in his heart, rejoicing in her beauty, and that he did not hesitate to catalogue her charms melodiously and eloquently. No wonder his wooing was so effective.

When Solomon speaks of the loved one's eyes, he means real eyes — eyes that you see with. When he speaks of the loved one's breasts, "Thy two breasts are like two roses that are twins," he means breasts of flesh.

How natural that song sounds. Many times I felt bewildered like Solomon in his song, when he wondered what to do with his little sister. One senses one's feelings described in the Song of Solomon, even though one never cared whether the gentiles came to the church or stayed away. The wise say that the whole song is symbolic. I have not been able thus far to discover what Solomon did mean, as the wise men are divided on that subject. Some say he meant

a church; others he meant Jerusalem; still others that he sings to the Jews. But they all agree that Solomon did not mean what he meant.

The fact is so plainly seen that Solomon could mean most anything except what he said. Whereby we learn that the wise know the thoughts of others better than they who think the thoughts.

There is another set of wise people, whom at first I did not think wise, but after further acquaintance I concluded that I was mistaken, and that they were wise after all. They belong to the Tolstoi school. Like fish, wisdom goes in schools. We have the Hamilton, the Jefferson, the Jesus, with its different branches; the Bakunian, the Karl Marx, the Tucker, the Darwin, the Spencer, the Huxley, the Thomas Paine, and the Franklin school—and there is wisdom in all of them. The reason for my thinking that this wise man is not wise is because I thought I understood him — he said that all the other wise people are not wise at all. I agreed with him that the universities are the hirelings of the rich, and that there is a conspiracy between them to keep the masses in slavery. The churches he claims are kept up by the same class, and are not religious at all. I assented. Instead of "resist not evil," which is the foundation of Christianity, the leaders in the church are foremost in organizing anti-vice crusades, capture and oppress the poor thief, and reward the rich one. I also understood. The solution to the chaotic condition, he said,

is not to judge anybody, and have the rich get off the backs of mankind. All this was perfectly clear to me. All this wise man asked was to be made a leader, so that he might straighten things out. I did not quite understand that, but I did not care, as all the rest of the things which I felt, he said he felt, and said them so beautifully that I thought it was myself talking, and for feeling like myself he would be as unwise as myself, but after getting better acquainted with him, I discovered my error, and gladly take the opportunity to apologize for the unjust thought which came to my mind. His acts are as mysterious as are those of the wisest. He practices the things which he condemns. He is first to judge, and he is most considerate of his reputation. He will come to the call of justice only when it calls with a respectable retainer. He will not stand alone, because he cannot afford it. And as for getting off people's backs, he is on them with both feet. He refuses to play with me, because he says that he judged me and found me wanting, and that I was not sincere in the game. He who confesses that he is a parasite and a robber like myself refuses to associate with me because I am a hypocrite like himself. I have no objection to him as a playmate, why should he object to me? In psychologizing this one I discovered that he feels keenly the woes of the universe; and he is so impressed nevertheless with his own greatness that he eliminates the woes of the world by taking care of the world, which is himself. It is the same old

game, with a new label — the non-resistance label — and it takes pretty well.

Therefore I conclude that while I cannot explain any code of action to be wise (I cannot even say that the things I think I really think, or just think I think them; and really think something else which I don't think). I know this much, that we fools are not to be sneered at. It is we that furnish the opportunity for the wise to show their wisdom.

THE MAN TO BE

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SOME of the wisest may know why it is that the end of a school term is called the "commencement." Being a fool I admit that I do not know, and I don't believe that even ordinarily wise folk know. But that has nothing to do with the case; the case being that at high school and college commencements there are usually many or few essays read by enlightened students.

I attended one of those ending commencements, and one of the wisdomized students read an essay on "Whither are We Drifting?"

After explaining that wonderful change which will take place in the next twenty years in all the sciences —that we will travel to Mars by airships and our food will consist of tablets, to save the stomach work—he came in his discourse to man himself. The population in the cities will increase an hundred-fold and we will become more specialized than ever before, was his theme. After the exercises luncheon was served to the elect, and there the merits of the different essays were discussed. They all agreed that the paper on "Whither are We Drifting?" was the most scientific. They called the young student a seer, and

agreed that there can be no question that man will become more specialized than ever. Instead of eight men making a pair of shoes, as it now takes, in the future it will take forty; that in all the walks of life, in all vocations, things will be more divided and specialized.

"We are living in an age of specialization," they said, "and surely we will not go backward; we will go forward."

As usual the wise do not agree with me, but nevertheless, I am convinced that the coming man will be a consolidated man. Please observe the trend of man's endeavor, and note the results. He started with the conception of things as a whole, and all things divine. He worshiped the sun, the moon, and the stars, the trees and the creative function, whether by symbol or in action — everything was God. That was the Golden Age of his joy. Then the wise men appeared and "analyzed God." They really had no other claim to be wise than the discovery of good and evil and the work of separating them. The office of "wise man" maintains its pristine purpose with professional purity unto the present time. He began specializing — dividing things into parts. He specialized God and put him in heaven above; he specialized the devil and put him in hell below. But life revenged itself on the specializer, and in turn man, the specializer, became specialized. And now, when it seems that things are coming to their oneness

once more, man too, will consolidate himself and become a complete man.

The wise, having analyzed the Universe, have cautioned the multitude against worshiping that which his priest disapproved. So it came to be that we "drifted" into specialization. We placed God in the "heavenly bodies," and all the rest of creation were the world and the flesh, and these were of another God, the devil by name. The priest himself was the earliest to experience the revenge that time works to the meddling wise. The priestly function had been symmetrically composite. The priest was mentor, tutor, doctor, lawyer, judge, politician, philosopher, administrator, and executioner. The fine works of art were made and preserved by religious bodies. Gradually differentiation sheared one after another of these prerogatives from him, until there is little left him but his fantastic vestments, and even these are disappearing. We used to take our medicine and advice from the priests. Who now would stoop to do him such reverence? No one takes the priest seriously in these days. We pretend that we go to him to cure our souls, but we'd like to see ourselves permit him to monkey with our liver, sit on juries, purvey our diet, or obtrude his general boredom on us as of yore.

It is true that we have become specialized under the tutelage of our wisest, but the Man to Be will have other ideals, and he will scorn to be a part of a man.

Observe the distributing side of our commercial

life. Formerly, when we went to market we found all kinds of commodities under one roof. The same man sold plows, pins, calico, bacon, hair-oil, tape, and what not? Then differentiation became the order of the day. We went to the hatter for our hats, and to the druggist for our pills, and to the butcher for our raw meat, and to the delicatessen shop for our cooked meats.

A man devoting his time to one article becomes perfect in his relation to his specialty. He learned everything about it with the result of better satisfaction, more value to the consumer, and more profit to himself. After it became perfect by specialization — when the function of specialization has brought the improvements required of it — consolidation takes its place. We have now what is called the department store. A specialistic consolidation. Although resembling the market of old, it is a forward step; it is the perfectness of the specialist with the advantage of co-operation.

In the shop the smith made knives, wagons; all things wrought in iron and steel were made there. The next step was to specialize and to perfect each thing. Fortunes were made in the manufacture of screws, bolts, and sundry "parts." Each part has become perfect by specialization — consolidation is the result; the great machine shops now make all the material for their own consumption. The same is true in agriculture. Starting out with a general farm, with its

many grains, fruits, and meats, the specializer comes with the stock farm, the dairy-farm, and truck-farm. Now consolidation takes place even there.

The man in mediæval times, when gods were in full swing, was a man who used his head, his hands, and his heart. He was a complete man. Then the specialist came. The schools and colleges have taken men's heads; the church and the ethical societies have taken man's heart; the factory has taken his hands; with the result that hell is full of headless and handless people, sent there by the theologians. The graveyards are crowded with heartless and handless students, sent there by the dry, economic philosophy of our professors. The earth has been paved with bones and bathed with the blood of the workingman, slaughtered by his own kind, because they have not used their heads nor their hearts. Others have done the thinking for them. The specialists have done their work — man has become perfect in each of his parts. I am looking for the consolidation of the perfect parts of man. I am looking for the restoration of head and heart to the brainless worker in the factory and he will become an intellectual giant. The theologian will also be a useful member in society when he uses his hands. To be a laborer will be the sole patent of nobility, and the pedant, the pedagogue, and the professor will pocket his pride, purge himself of his pretensions, and become a producer instead of a parasite.

Then we will be like children of one household,

departing from the family roof in the morning. Some go to pick berries, others to catch fish, others to till the soil. Some in the workshops, some in the mines, with the freedom to work at what pleases us, and to change from one work to another if we choose. At eventide there will be a gathering of those who have each performed his allotted task — a union of the scattered tribes. And it is then, when all the various members come together once more in the joy of having rendered each a service to each, that the day is done. Any fool could read this lesson to the wisest, but so overawed have we fools allowed ourselves to become under the domineering masterfulness of the wise, that only rarely will the fool trust himself to "sass back." I wonder if I am a rare fool?

SUCCESS

SUCCESS

WHOSO has achieved the purpose or has obtained the thing that he desires has attained Success.

There be wise ones who say that success has been cornered and monopolized and opportunities are slendering. There are still others who assure us that they have a formula; that the "greedy rich" have not the monopoly that envy attributes to them. There be socialists, anarchists, disciples of Henry George, of John Alexander Dowie, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who have prescriptions warranted to transplant one from Rag Alley to the desirable side of Easy Street. When you get through taking their nostrums step around to the fool's office and let her enlighten you.

Success is within you, I say. The attainment of your ideal is success; if not, then what is? Blame no one (even yourself) if you fail in the realization of your ideal. You get what you want if you want it.

I do not pretend to have a hard-and-fast definition of success, that can be photographed and sent on application for inspection and approval.

"He has made a success who has obtained the fulfillment of his strongest desire."

Do not permit the supernally wise to dissuade you by interposing some other interpretation of success. Neither heed the successful man's advice, for unless you fail he cannot succeed, hence his advice is for his and not your success. Take a fool's advice and shun those who would dazzle you with a description that does not apply to an achievement of the real thing which you most desire.

Why should you delude yourself with chasing after something you don't want, because a sage has told you that it is that which you ought to want? Your own ideal is clear enough. You do not require the medicine men of your tribe to concoct ideals for you. You have a multitudinous stock of desires on hand. Make your selection. Set the chosen one on a pinnacle and have no other gods before it.

Fame, wealth, happiness, revenge, notoriety, or any other ideal that you set up in the holiest sanctuary, is yours if you prove faithful to it.

Whatever your desire is you shall have. But you must not seek to dictate by what processes it will answer your call. You must be prepared to take it by whatever route it arrives.

The price that has always been paid (there are no deadheads on the roster) is the submergence of every aim but the achievement of the ideal. You cannot serve two masters; you cannot have two ideals. The cost is marked in plain figures; it is fixed and invariable. There are no rebates, no free-list, no slipping

under the canvas. If you want a thing you must strip yourself of all other purposes than that of obtaining that thing. You must conquer every craving, kill every desire, stifle every call, but the clamor of "get there!"

All that is dear to you must be held in readiness to be given in exchange. The love of parents and children, your compassion with the widowed and the fatherless, your virtue and comfort, and all else that you have held dear must be sacrificed on the altar of your ideal. There must be no looking back, lest you become a pillar of salt. However, if it is what you most desire you will not count the cost too great. If you falter at the cost, if you find there is something you won't give in payment for your ideal, you have been mistaken in your ideal; that something which you hold back is your ideal.

You have heard your dearest friend say that she would give anything to be rid of her bad temper. She thinks amiability is her ideal. But you will discover that she has not selected her strongest ideal with discrimination, for she is not ready to give everything for her ideal of a good temper. She is willing to give everything except her bad temper. She is not willing to pay the price. Then why should she be favored? Why should a law be violated in her especial behalf by giving her something she don't want? Her bad temper is her ideal. You are convinced that you must obey the laws of symmetry, gravity, and pro-

portion in construction. You get tools and instruments to make sure that you may not go astray; even in making mud pies you observe the mud law. Then why should you think that you can get a free pass to success?

The price of success is all, even life! To give one's life for one's ideal is a privilege which only the earnest seeker of the ideal may enjoy.

Life means death anyway. Then why should you waste it on anything except in the payment for success? Whosoever makes his life serve his ideal, saves it in giving. To give your life for your ideal means that you have not lived in vain; that your life has been sold in the best market and the highest price has been realized. To die for one's ideal means to be born again.

Examine the successful, and note how true they have been to their god. Observe W–rr–n Spr–ng–r, he is in nowise distressed because ramshackle old buildings and decrepit second-hand elevators contribute to his ideal. Nor do the McC–rm–cks permit any twinges because labor troubles lead to the killing of a few men and the hanging of anarchists. The occasional burning of an oil well are not episodes of a disturbance to the R–ck–f–ll–r ideal.

Consult not the heart when you are on the success path. (Except when your ideal is happiness, you will find no happiness outside of your heart.)

"Mine and Thine" is an intellectual philosophy.

The heart has nothing to do with it. The heart says Give and the mind says Get. Get success, is an intellectual proposition. This probably explains the reasons of the different degrees of success. It appears that W–rr–n Spr–ng–r's mental equipment is inferior to the R–ck– f–ll–rs and the McC–rm–ck thought magazine.

Know also, that you must have an earnest conviction that the thing you lust for is a primary object. My fool formula will not work in a confusion of secondaries. See to it that you have not given the highest seat in the synagogue to a mere adjunct. Be sure that the thing you want is desired for itself, and not as a means of securing some other end, else there will be the disappointment of getting the thing you thought in your mind you wanted, rather than the real thing for which the heart lusted.

One estimable old friend assured me that he wanted a million or two. "Not for myself," he insisted, "but that I may give it to the suffering poor."

"Then," said I, "it will be quite the same if I were to get the million and distribute it in accordance with your schedule." But it wasn't the same at all. He wanted to be a benefactor. Not a blameworthy ideal, but quite different from what he thought until the test was applied.

No matter what your desires may be, the satisfaction of them depends on other people. Hence you must be circumspect in the selection of those you use;

you must see that none of them have any survival of heart. If you have not sufficient intellect of your own to guide you, do not despair. Let that be the least of your troubles. There are many who are eager to render the sort of service you require. But see that the intellect you enlist is simon-pure, and then let the substitute be your guide. Obey orders without straying from the path. If you play your part well your intellectual bankruptcy will not be detected. Woe to you if you are not true to the intellectual manager! Society will condone anything if intellect stands guard to set you right, but intellectual insolvency is never forgiven.

Remember, it is sometimes wise to appear foolish; do not indulge in asking questions — for often there are no answers. And sometimes it is necessary to back up to get a better start.

It is essential to have public approval while we are on the success path. It is indispensable! It is so easy to secure the approbation of the public that one is not justified in attempts to defy public opinion unless your ideal be love of justice. In such case public opinion be hanged! Public opinion for revenge will hang you, but your ideals will survive the gallows and the cross. Public opinion can be molded by the press. Arson will be condoned if there is a spice of adventure in burning down a distillery, or blowing up an oil well, to say nothing of wrecking banks and corporations. Robbery by rebates and

other discriminations presents no difficulties; and murder, if we can procure it by the militia or the hangman, is respectable. These diversions are incidents of success, and comport with the ideal in whose service they are enlisted.

You will have to join the Combine of Modern Saints. A gift now and then to a hospital, church, or libraries and social settlements when in season, also have their appointed time; and occasionally art is quite the vogue.

The people will give you anything you want if you'll but ask in the right way. They care not if you kill some of them, or rob them all, but do it beautifully. They will prove loyal if your rapacities are cloaked with "Law and Order" and your misdemeanors tagged "virtue." They will let you denude them if you accomplish it in the name of civilization.

Be true to the *esprit de corps* of success. No man can be successful enough to stand alone. Only the success of failure can indulge that luxury. And above all, avoid any tendency to being natural. You will fail if you allow love any play. Nevertheless, at times you are expected to manifest symptoms of love. This entails the necessity of becoming an imitator. A good article of make-believe will be effective as the genuine in the atmosphere in which your lot is cast. The moment you yield to love you have failed; success will tolerate but one God.

Let me repeat: If you be an earnest seeker for

success, your heart must be dead and the whole campaign shifted to the intellect. That, too, is dead, but the intellect being wise is too wise to know of the deadness of its death. It continues in galvanic imitation of life. One Chicago millionaire has been dead for forty years, but so excellently galvanized is he, that the administration on his estate is postponed from day to day. When seen in his automobile only last week he had a very natural, life-like look in his eyes, but the death grip on his wallet emitted the odors of the tomb.

This essay is not written for the benefit of the wise in order to convince them of the efficacy of changing their ideal. They will not accept my foolishness any more than I will bow down before their wisdom. It is the ideal of the wise to establish ideals for others. Let them air their wisdom. They, too, have a province in this world of many mansions. I do not begrudge them the space they cumber, nor do I commiserate the victims of their wisdom. Not that it is my ideal to decry the wondrous wise! That is a bit of *en passant* by-play with which I amuse myself while resting for intervals in the pursuit of my central ideal.

SHOES, PIGS, AND PROBLEMS

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WHILE trying on shoes at a shop one morning I was meditating on the nature of problems, and why it was that I had none to solve, and was not even sure that I would recognize one should I encounter it in my rambles. Presently I heard myself asking, "What is a problem?" and the clerk, probably thinking that the question had been addressed to him, replied:

"A problem, miss, is to get a number six foot in a number three shoe. The way I've seen it solved seems satisfactory. The last place I worked we used to mark down shoes on bargain Fridays. I was new at the place when I learned about problems. I asked the manager one Thursday night how much to mark down our neat six-dollar gaiters. The manager instructed me to put up a sign, 'Shoes marked down one-half.' Then he directed me to mark down the size accordingly, and not bother about the price at all."

"We don't do such things in this house," he went on to state, seeing that I was more interested in problems at the moment than in footgear, "but at that place we used to tell our customer we were not sure that we had anything in stock quite small enough to

fit her, unless perhaps a couple of pairs we happen to have in stock that were ordered especially for Cinderella (but proved a trifle snug) might serve. We rarely failed to solve the problem that way."

While I was down at the farm, I heard a great commotion in the direction of the sty one morning. Investigation showed that two fat pigs were lying in the trough, and the remainder of the drove were exclaiming against that bit of pre-emption with more vehemence than euphony.

I asked the assembled disputants the cause of the uproar, and was given to understand that they were discussing the problems of life. I asked them what were the problems of life, and they said that the pigs on the outside wanted to get on the inside. I asked why they did not let them in, and a great big fat hog said:

"We have natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and all pigdom squealed:

"We have natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"And the object of life is not swill," said the hog on the inside.

"And the object of life is not swill," responded the pigs on the outside.

"We have a right to free assembly and free grunts," said the hog on the inside.

"We have a right to free assembly and free grunts," they all grunted.

"We must restrain our piggish nature," he said.

"We must restrain our piggish nature," the echo replied.

And the pigs on the outside were on the outside, and the pigs on the inside were on the inside.

My intention was to write a chapter on the Philosophy of Pigville. You see we have books on almost everything except the pig. Our younger brother is being awfully neglected, though there is much to say and write on pigs. Carlyle says they are so human. Yet there are some points of difference between the swine and the human species. I have seen "gentlemen" who were said to be "as drunk as a hog," but I have never seen a pig as "drunk as a gentleman."

On the surface it appears that all you can say about pigs is swill, but swill is only a small part. There is the religion of the pigs; the political economy of the hog; there is the educated pig—he must not be neglected; then there is a pig morality—why should not our dear little brother have a morality? I studied them closely and discovered that they have no monogamistic marriages, and I asked them why they practiced polygamy. The reply was that to do elsewise would interfere with the stock market, and anything that interferes with the stock market is a crime. The same old sow suggested that I should solve their economic problems. So I called them together and said to them:

"You are pigs, and have pig natures; it is a mistake for you to restrain your pig nature. You really

never do it, but only make a piggish bluff at repression, which reduces the volume of your lard and the delicacy of flavor of your hams. Being pigs you should be candid in your lives. Your natures demand that you root, feed, love, serve and reproduce your kind, and that you offer your bodies a smoked, salt, or sugar-cured sacrifice to man, which is your reasonable service and in consonance with pig destiny. This talk about restraining your piggish natures is all squeal, and there is neither coherence nor music in it. You'll find no peace in resistance, rights, or repression. Be good."

There was an educated pig in the assembly, and he took issue with me. "There are certain natural rights," he proclaimed, "and it is a mistake to declare that we should not restrain the other pigs from invading the natural rights of pigs. We deny that any one has the right to deprive us of our happiness. And my solution of this problem is that the pigs in the trough, while they have a perfect right to be there, should submit to a system of taxation whereby their occupancy will tend to the benefit of the whole drove."

I never cared for educated pigs, and of all educated pigs I deem the single-tax variety the least attractive. However, his contention being based on the wisdom of natural rights, his pig philosophy is of a piece with that of his human confrère.

Then I went to an entertainment and there saw a problem solved. The performer had on a table before him two hats. Into one he dropped a little ball.

"With your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, one and all," he pattered, "I will now, by the mere waving of this magic wand, cause the little ball to pass from the hat into which you saw me deposit it, into the other. . . . . So, now it has passed through the substantial material of both hats without in anywise injuring the fabric of either. But that is not the most wonderful feature of this act. Observe me now, as I cause the little ball to return to the hat into which you saw me place it. By the mere utterance of a magic formula, accompanied with the proper manipulation of my all-powerful wand, I command the little ball to get back to the first hat, and . . . . here, ladies and gentlemen, it is; and you will observe as I pass the hats around among the audience that they have not been injured by the passage of the balls." Everybody applauded. I have a strong suspicion that the ball never left the hat, but should I see things like the wise do I would be no fool.

I came very near solving a problem once by guessing the solution. My guess was right, but the problem turned out to be no problem at all, else my guess would have proved futile. The problem was stated in these terms: Given a tub full to the brim with water, and another tub full of live fish, how comes it that one may drop all the fish, one by one, into the tub of water, without causing the water to overflow?

My guess was that it was a lie.

I think that there are many problems just like that one. Perhaps they are all that way.

I rather suspect that one of the chiefest problems of life is of that same fishy flavor. The problem is: Given a God that is All in All, and humanity that has only what God grants. How comes it that God gives his creatures desires which he expects them to suppress?

My guess is that the premises contain a lie.

You are entitled to a guess in your turn. If you get more comfort from your guess than I get from mine you must have a wonderful capacity for comfort, and in that case I may be justified in the assumption that you are a greater (because happier) fool than I.

The religious problem, as I have been told by those in the business, is how to save man. Human beings, to all appearances, seem to be well content and loving, but they say they are not. They have information from somewhere—I know not where—that man is lost; and the problem is how to save him.

After looking carefully at the problems which people are trying to solve, I find that a problem is to do things in an "undoable way."

The social problem that worries our wise men a great deal I have heard discussed a number of times and various remedies suggested. I once heard a lecture by a wise man and the problem of peace was his subject; and the trend of his conversation was that, by having arbitration instead of war, we will have peace in society, and the problem of life will then be solved.

Nature has ordained that if you do not comply with her rules that that particular member of your physical body which violates the law suffers. When that member escapes punishment another organ or member suffers. When a man overloads his stomach with liquor, headache follows. It is identical in the social world. The disregarding of nature's rules brings pain in the physical body, or discord in the social organism, and that pain or discord is not a punishment but a warning. To live in harmony and peace is nature obeyed. All our troubles come from the unnatural isms and wasisms which create problems. Nature is broad and great and openhanded. It is the broad, big untrammeled highway. And because the wasisms and isms are forever crowding us in the narrow little alley, men find no room; consequently, we are constantly falling over one another, and the result is discord and pain. To keep us in this narrow alley and maintain peace is the problem, and the suggestion of the wise man is, "The way to have peace is to have peace, and that is by arbitration to make one or the other of the parties in dispute shut up, and thereby not annoy the rest."

It seems to me that all problems are about like this: How can I pinch the cat's tail and escape the scratches that are the penalty for squeezing cats' tails? The only way that could be done would be for the cat to take a non-resistant attitude, and if the cat could do that (which by the way is not cat nature) you could not then pinch its tail.

It seems to me that you cannot have peace by force. You can only have peace when you remove the inharmonious cause, otherwise it will only prevent discord from expressing itself. When my child is crying because of a toothache, it is no remedy for me to tell it to shut up because the noise annoys me. Suppose she complies with my request (arbitration having been applied to prevent the expression of discord) would that stop the toothache? Would you get peace by stopping the expression of discord? It seems to me if there is anything wrong in the physical or social world it would be better to remove the cause, and until the cause is removed, let us have as much discord as possible. If your home is on fire, you want a 4:11 alarm to wake up the household; and you are willing that the din and clamor of the alarm should continue until the wake-up process is complete. The way to remove the cause is to understand that nature has not given man desires to suppress them. It is not in prevailing upon man to do things he does not like to do, or restraining him from things he does like to do that will give us peace.

However, the wise ones are not satisfied to have things natural. That would be too easy; and therefore they must have problems which can never be solved. I have no problems and no philosophy of Life to bother me,—I just live. This conglomeration, the I, with feelings, emotions, thoughts, pleasures, ambitions, is a wonderful communistic society of organs harmoniously co-operating with no dictatorship—an anarchistic

dream—each performing for the good of the whole. They have no wish, no desire, save the desire of the whole. When I walk on the street my eyes pick out nice clean spots for my feet to step on; when it would please my stomach to churn some good fruit, my eyes carefully select, my arms reach out, and my hands pluck the fruit. There is no jealousy, no bickering. In case of an accident to one member, all the others rush to assist it. This morning I thought I felt a commotion in myself. Investigation proved that different members of my body were each claiming recognition. The eyes claimed that if it would not be for them the other members could not see a thing and would be helpless; therefore they ought to have all the glory. The ears said without them you could not hear. The legs said if they refuse to take me from place to place I would be in a bad fix. The stomach said that it grinds all the food for the nourishment. Sex claimed that it is the real thing, for it is impossible for any other member to have existence except by its action. And so on every member set up its claim. Before I had time to straighten things out for them I slipped on a banana peel and then I saw that it was only imagination, for up went my hands, my body, and all to regain my equilibrium. No one member can have any pleasure without sharing in company with all. In milk there is cream, sour milk, and water. In cream there is butter and buttermilk. In sour milk there is cheese and water. Can you tell me which drop of it when it comes from

the cow is cream, which is water, and which is cheese? Each part, each drop of milk, contains all. There is a stomach, a liver, and all organs of my being in my eye, and still they are eyes. More than that, everything in this universe is in the I—trees, cows, fishes, the sun, the sunshine, the rain and wind, the moon and the stars are in the I. I am the universe, and I in turn am in the trees, in the cow, and in the sun, being all that I am in the eye. I have eyes and they see certain things which it pleases me for them to see, and I see that they see. I have ears and they hear. Certain sounds give me pleasure, and I seek them, and shun those which give me pain. I have a sense of touch—I feel with my hands and my body. There are certain things it pleases me to touch and I touch them; and the touch of others being repulsive, I avoid them. All members work in harmony without any philosophy. My stomach (I used to have two) is always at work, and when it is empty it sets up a clamor; so it gives me pleasure to have my stomach filled, and neither myself nor my stomach care whether we conflict with the rights and the wrongs of society so long as we get our stomach filled. I am very careful of my stomach. I have it surrounded by a wall. My principal organ, sex, is the most delicate of me; it is protected by a pair of hips, that no harm may come to it. I am very careful of my eyes, and let down the lids and cover them when they are not in use or are in danger. I am very careful of my ears, and they are protected by frames. I have

a brain that does the thinking, and I have a hard skull to protect it—its private office.

Is it any wonder that we poor fools, we happy fools, laugh at you wise, whose wisdom undertakes to establish peace by force?

A fool will tell you wise ones that the only way to establish and maintain peace is to remove the inharmonious conditions that disturb peace. You have crowded us off nature's broad highway, and you punish us for climbing your silly fences, and even for laughing at your flimsy barriers. Whenever we think it worth while we'll ignore your imaginary fences and enjoy our inheritance to the earth unobstructed and unafraid.

Then, ye wise ones, "What are you going to do about it?"

It seems to me that the real problems of the wisest are still before them.

DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY

THERE once was a man who knew what a palladium was. He died without bequeathing the mystery, and so we are bereft of a positive knowledge on the subject. There is, however, a tradition that our constitution is the palladium of our liberties. Hence we should have reverent regard for palladiums.

How grateful we should be that we are privileged to live in a glorious democracy. Each man a sovereign! All are equals! No rulers! The administrators —servants of the people; no aristocracy.

In this great democracy each man is at work under the palladium. All are laborers. There are variant degrees of labor. Some are better pleased with their job than others. But there are always and everywhere malcontents who are dissatisfied with the work assigned them. Some of these creatures complain because he who performs the most laborious services receives the slenderest reward; as though the delight in rendering service were in itself not sufficient.

Yes, it is true, that many of those on whom is conferred the honor of performing the hardest tasks, do not appreciate the distinction thus lavished upon

them. Society could not exist without classes. Our best people would be in pitiful plight if there were not a tired class from which to recruit its asylums, its social settlement work, its houses of prostitution, and its police force.

Society requires a class that must build houses, plan and supply the furnishings for these edifices, make the roads, grow foodstuffs and fashion the clothing. It also needs a class that will use the stuff created. We need people to live in the houses, make use of the roads, eat the stuff which is grown, and wear the clothes fashioned. Then we need another class to keep the peace between them that make the things which they care not to use, and the class that uses the things but makes none. I once asked one of these working fellows why he wanted to be on the police force. He replied that he might as well have an easy job as any other fellow, and, he added, "we must have a police force, just as we must have sunlight. Life and property would not be safe otherwise."

It would seem that the less one has the more he requires protection for what he has not, against the other fellow who also has nothing.

Workers of another class are those that do not work with the hands. Theirs is brain work. They furnish the intelligence for the manual laborer, and give him permission to work. They are called employers of labor. They work the workers and become forceful factors in social life. What would become of

our poor ignorant working-classes who know only how to work and obey were it not for our better classes who furnish employment for them ?

I remember hearing of an occurrence that illustrates how sadly our workfolk would fare if they were not given employment. During the reconstruction days following the close of the Civil War, an old darkey sauntered into the handsomely appointed offices of the Freedmen's Bureau at Memphis.

"Is dis yer de Freedmen's Beuoh ?" he asked, in open-mouthed admiration of the walnut and brass fittings of the handsome quarters.

"This is the place," courteously answered the sole occupant, who appeared to be the officer in charge.

"Well, wot yer gwine do fer de cullud man ?" was his next inquiry.

"We can't do anything for you just now," said the functionary. "The last appropriation for this office was only about enough to put up these fixings and pay our salaries, and Congress will not—"

"Lor bress ye, suh," interrupted the recently emancipated citizen, "I aint axin' fur no money, no suh! All I want is jess a job er wukk. Kain't you all fine me airy job ?"

The Mississippi was high at the time, and lots of driftwood was floating down the stream. The official tried a bit of pleasantry.

"I'll give you a job," he said to the old man. "There's lots of driftwood coming down the river.

You go out there and gather all you can, and I'll give you half you get."

"All right, boss," said the darkey to his new employer; and away he went.

By next night the diligent employee had piled up a considerable stack of wood. He was congratulating himself on the success of his work, and making a mental survey of his half of the proceeds, when he was approached by a man whose gold-braided cap gave evidence of officialdom.

"That's a pretty good pile of wood you've gathered, uncle," said the newcomer. "I'll take this half over here," he said as he indicated one end of the pile.

"Lor' bless my soul!" ejaculated the old fellow. "You doan look like de Freedman's Beuoh gemman."

"No," he replied; "I have nothing to do with the Bureau, but I'm the wharf master, and according to the city ordinances I'm entitled to one-half the wood that's piled up on this levee."

"Ef dats de law, all right; go ahead. You tekk your harf, and de Freedman's Beuoh tekk his harf—only I hope you gemmen won't mine ef I tekk one little stick off'n you all's harfs so's I kin mekk a fiah to cook me any little ting I mout be able to steal fore mornin.' "

I tell this little story to illustrate in a convincing way that there's no excuse for any able-bodied man ever to be out of a job. There are always benevolent employers who will give us work. We can hear this same truth from every pulpit, though perhaps lacking

the anecdotal form. And there is always some sort of government that stands ready to protect the producer against the curse of a surplus. Nor do these various governmental agencies neglect to protect the employer in his share of the product—and help him get it from the producer.

Brain work is very effective. It gathers more in one hour than the toiler can produce in twelve. Therefore the brain-worker does not need to work as long as does the man who works with his hands. It is a fine disposition of things.

The brain-worker requires an occasional vacation. The manual laborer can dispense with such a rest. The latter needs to work longer and more continually so as to keep him out of mischief. The employer's food, too, must be of better quality, his clothing of finer texture, and he must have servants to wait on him. The working person must learn habits of thrift, and should not partake of expensive foods. Indeed, adulterated and coarse food is more in keeping with his position in life; while shoddy clothing will give him a feeling of decent humility, without which he could not so readily be kept under the wholesome control of his benefactor.

Then there are workers who teach others how not to work. This is one of the most important branches of our Democracy. We call it education, and worship at its shrine. The end and aim of education is to impress upon its victims the necessity for a ruling class;

and the rewards which are promised to the faithful pupils is either entrance into the aristocracy or a good job serving the people. The teacher may truly be said to be engaged upon brain-work, for the efforts of the teacher's brain is to stunt that of the pupil. Neither the teacher nor the pupil brag about this openly; both of them are very much impressed with the nobility of their mission. An utter absence of a sense of humor assures the teacher of promotion and the pupil of appreciation.

The nobility of the teacher's mission is one of our most sacred beliefs. We know that the teacher is overworked and underpaid. The work consists of twenty-two to thirty hours per week for eight or nine months in the year. During a year's work the average teacher can instruct fully one hundred pupils in the mystery of escaping work. The ignorant masses who are taught only the dignity of labor do not appreciate the fine work of teaching. The masses must be taught a more proper esteem for intellect, and all our teachers are beautifully intellectual.

The work of priest and parson is another branch of labor that is highly regarded. These check the criminal intent of man. They teach peace and brotherhood. They are the spiritual guides of society, God bless them! Horror on horror's head would accumulate were it not for these indefatigable workers. Society requires of them only two hours' work per week, on the first day thereof, which being the Lord's day

is not reverently regarded by the lords, but has some recreative value to those who are not in the lord class.

The work of the Sunday workman is to convince the poor man that he has a better chance to get to heaven than has his master. For this teaching the master willingly and generously pays the hire of the Sunday workman. The laborer of the pulpit proves to the masses that it is foolish to desire earthly possessions—that the rich are better able to endure the pangs of Hell, hence all earthly possessions should be turned over to them, out of which to pay the parson's salary. Many fine preachments may be heard during those two Sunday hours. We learn that the poor man needs only to inform the pastor that he is hungry and instantly he will be fed with advice concerning Good Citizenship and the proper humility of those whom it has pleased God to cast for the humbler parts.

Were it not for these laborers in the vineyard of the Lord we should never have discovered the close relationship between religion and art. The trouble, we are told, with the disinherited is, that they are soul-hungry. Let them go to the art museum during the Saturday half-holiday, and to church on Sunday, and all will be well.

Now and then a preacher or college professor succumbs to the temptation of the devil. They blaspheme the highest and mightiest of earth. They see smirch and taint on the wealth from which they have been fed. There are not many of these, and

they are easily silenced. They are not taken seriously by the good people, and are consistently ignored by the masses. They are the victims of the sympathetic temperament. They commiserate the poor. They suffer agonies of excruciation through their compassion for the sufferings of the downtrodden. And their pain is all for naught. For the very people with whom these generous souls sympathize are not suffering, in actuality, anything like the pangs that their champions are enduring in their commiseration.

The downtrodden do not chafe. The poor do not suffer. They are lulled to sleep by the hope that they, too, shall have their innings at the lord game. Dear me! if the disinherited should ever really get to the point of suffering that the "reformers" think has already been reached—but why dwell on that picture? We did not like what happened in the French Reign of Terror. That was too large a dose of democracy to contemplate complacently.

As education is the teaching of methods whereby we can find the way to let others do our work, so religion seems to be a method of saving lost souls that are not lost. A shepherd who left his flock afield and strayed into the village tavern insists to this day that it was the sheep who were lost. There is no soul that so much needs saving as his who thinks all others are lost.

I lost my garter this morning, and the loss caused me much worry. It is very annoying to lose one's

garter. The loss of a garter implies loss of control of the stocking. However, there's an immense difference between the loss of a garter and the loss of a soul. In both instances there is a minus mark involved, but as to the garter one loses, one seeks to recover it for herself, while in the matter of a soul one can scarcely lose it before all one's neighbors are diligently undertaking to save it for her. Moreover, one is promptly made aware of the loss of a garter by the unrestrained and licentious behavior of the stocking, while one may lose her soul and go about her usual avocations without any sense of stress or strain. To judge from the demeanor of those who have been gathering lost souls, it is a fair inference that all the decrepitude of their many finds has clung to the finders. A sour lot of souls some of them must have assimilated in the saving.

And some souls seem to require frequent if not periodic saving. It's like a fellow with two shirts that he sends to the laundry each week. In the course of the year he had one hundred and four shirts washed, yet he has but the two. Hence when we hear the ardent soul-saver recount his triumphs, and he tells of ten thousand souls saved, we are justified in demanding an itemized account. Did he save the same soul ten thousand times? Or two souls on five thousand several occasions? Or—but the mathematical combinations are infinite.

I attended a revival meeting once, and saw the

operators in the act of saving souls. The revivalist by one sentence saved fifty souls, and the sentence was "Where will you be one hundred years from now, where will you be one thousand years from now, where will you be ten thousand years from now?" And I wondered how many souls he could save if he would ask his audience where they were one hundred years ago, where they were one thousand years ago and where they were ten thousand years ago? That would be more convincing, as there is a larger class of people who can tell what transpired yesterday than who can tell what is going to happen to-morrow. The soul-savers always appear eager to go where the well-fed souls require saving. They discern a "call" to a more populous field with much less difficulty than if the call chance to be to a smaller town. The fact that the larger the town the larger the salary has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the case. The "call" from one pastorate to another is not the only kind of pastoral call. There is another kind, and the envious say invidious things of the pastoral calls that are made while the man of the house is away for a day or on a journey. A Kentucky preacher received a call to a religious conference; so did a Chicago woman. He moved to Chicago and has been calling ever since.

One of the triumphs of Democracy which Mr. Carnegie may interweave into some future edition of his edifying book on that topic, is the discovery of the law of compensation within the realm of triumphant democ-

racy. Our heavenly guide has shown us that the more spiritual the work the more material commodities should be exchanged as fair compensation.

He has located heaven away off toward the zenith, and bids you to look up—and while you are looking up he looks down. Should he discover that you are burdened with possessions that are calculated to imperil your attainment of the goal toward which you are looking, he deems it no less a duty than a privilege to effect a change of owners. For all the world like the game I used to play on my baby brother—telling him, in my artful little way, to look up at the bird, while I possessed myself of his goodies. The essential difference between my cute little game and the preacher's is, that I filched the dainties for the fun of teasing Buster, while his reverence "plays for keeps."

Little brother fooled me once by refusing to be fooled. When I bade him look at the bird he only laughed and reached for his goodies. Funny what a queer child he was. If big folks were not wiser than babies it would make a substantial difference in the bank account of His Holiness.

While the pedagogue is teaching the young idea to overreach, and the parson is busy saving souls, let it not be thought that our material welfare is being overlooked. Our lawmakers and judges are giving their serious attention to such matters. Fortunately for our country there are always many patriotic and generous souls ready to sacrifice themselves to serve their

country in legislative and judicial capacities. There is a legend that once there was a lawyer who declined to immolate himself on the altar of patriotism. It is further stated that he would have had to surrender a practice worth $1,200 per annum for a judgeship at that time paying but $900 a year. Later he was sufficiently patriotic to accept a job as senator at $8,000 a year.

The duties of the lawmaker are to provide protection for socicty. To carry out his purpose in the line of his duty, he must see to it that the humble poor are protected against the predatory rich. Of course, the rich as a class have some rights, too, which cannot be overlooked. It is truly refreshing to observe with what a wealth of patriotic zeal they engage upon their task. To look at them in session you would esteem them as mere, ordinary, plain men. This is because of the democratic spirit of our age. Our greatest, wisest, noblest, and best take a pardonable pride in masquerading as humble citizens. But their work shows how sapient and pure they are. Elected by the enlightened masses, they are truly representatives of the source from whence they spring. The ballot is a very wizard in selecting for us our choicest and finest and most sagacious.

I have known a disreputable tavern-keeper who pandered to the most depraved people in his district; whose word was not accepted by even the most credulous, who, when he became a "grave and reverend

seignor" in our state senate, immediately became the paragon of statesmen, the model of virtue, and the pattern of the boys in the high school of his district. This shows the wisdom of the ballot. That statesman associated himself with the vile and disreputable in order to discover their real needs so that he might understand and supply those needs after his election. He really was a great man in disguise.

There is a dignity about public service which private service somehow does not grant. Our legislators are public servants. When we consider the difficulty inherent in serving some one person, we can understand the sacrifice that our public servants make in the multiplied duty of serving the many.

I once told my cook that she ought to be very proud to be a servant. "All our great men are servants," I assured her. Thereupon she called me a fool, and took other service. She served me at last by giving me some occupation for my alleged thoughts. The burden of my cogitations is to discover how she found me out.

The public servant is he who protects us from all evil. He saves us from the vicious elements in society.

His work is hard on the brain, and therefore he must have an abundance of material things to compensate the great drain on his system. He loves to serve the public. So much so indeed, that he is inclined to be jealous of the like service being rendered by any other person than himself. He often spends

more than one-half of the emoluments of his job in order to keep from being supplanted by some other servant who would dearly love to serve the public.

The public servant is often a glittering and conspicuous success as a financier. Without any special training in finance, before assuming the duties and responsibilities of being a public servant, he early discovers methods whereby it is possible for him to save, during his incumbency, anywhere from 97 per cent to 2,463 per cent of his salary. These mathematics are not taught by the laborers who teach young children, but the results of that system of financiering are held up to the tender and plastic mind of childhood as worthy of all emulation, and indicative of great merit.

The labor of being a public servant may be summed up as being good business and scintillant patriotism. A fool might be pardoned for considering it as patriotic business.

There be other laborers, too, who sit astride the necks of the lower classes. All of them have no greater desire than to benefit the worker who works, but they are not willing to dismount. And the worker who works and carries his additional burden seems disposed to feel a vague sort of pride in being a part of the system whereby he can sustain the entire load of society. The merit, however, is not so much his as that of the masterly trainers who keep him contented with his lot. When we see a particularly well-trained dog we give our admiration to the trainer—not to the dog.

Great is Democracy! Under its palladium even the humblest of us has a voice. We are permitted to vote. We elect our public servants. Then we permit our good masters to select a committee to watch our appointees. Then we have a voters' league to keep an eye on the committee. Then we have a society to watch the voters' league. And so ad infinitum.

An English writer would not even deprive his poultry of the franchise. He tells us that when he kills a hen for his dinner he always consults the fowl as to her preference in the matter of her cooking. If she is too stolid (as so many of our voters are) to signify her preference, of course he goes ahead in his own way. She has had her day at the polls, and having failed to exercise her privilege, has practically abandoned her rights. Should the chicken protest against being plucked, that would be anarchy, and she would then suffer death as a penalty.

Our public servants manipulate the taxing power very much as my English friend wields his cleaver on chicken-killing day. Plucking is good for chickens, and taxing is good for the producers of commodities.

A fire insurance company protects us from loss by fire; an accident insurance company from loss by accident; a life insurance company from monetary loss by death.

But government is a combine. All rights are taken under its wings and protected. The charge is small, and is collected whether you agree or not. You pay it

when you buy the things you need. They are getting the trading-stamps instead of you, and for that you get so much protection that it is almost incomprehensible.

For the payment of a certain sum, an accident, life, and burglar insurance company will pay you the amount insured on your furnishing the evidence that you sustained the loss against which they insured you.

How different it is with government. The government charges you so much for being protected from all aggressions, and when they have failed to protect, and you have been aggressed, there are more fees which you pay, by way of expense of trying the aggressor, and if the aggressor has been proven guilty (which means that the government has not kept its contract to protect you) there is another cost to you to defray the expense of feeding and clothing the aggressor.

If a person would run an insurance company on that basis, how insured would the insured ones be?

Altogether we should be very proud of our Democracy.

PRESSING HIS TROUSERS

PRESSING HIS TROUSERS

IT is a great privilege to be civilized. Uncivilized people have too little regard for what their neighbors think; although there is just the possibility that uncivilized neighbors are not disposed to be censorious.

Two people, in civilization, who become enamoured of each other and have the prompting to rear a family, must first consult the neighborhood and secure the sanction of some authority under proper and altogether necessary forms or incantations.

Should they discover that they were mistaken in the strength of the attachment which brought them together, they can again go to the neighborhood with their grievances, and by subjecting their differences to other formula, they may be relieved of the burden of continuing an untenable relation.

Uncivilized people would regard so intimate a relation as concerning only the contracting parties themselves. Their point of view is warranted by their state of uncivilizedness.

The ethics of civilization demand that we be thoroughly unselfish in such matters. If we find that our marriage contracts have involved us in misery, we should

bear up under the affliction. It is but little to suffer for the good of civilization. The Tolstoian doctrine of non-resistance should serve well in a divorce court. If I can convince a court that I am dead in love with my husband I can get a decree within an hour. If it becomes known that I am miserably unhappy with my spouse, the court will deny me relief. If you analyze it critically you will see the wisdom of that. Why should people separate merely because they cannot agree? Disagreement is a good reason for them to keep on living together. Uncivilized people would separate when harmony ceases, but the ethics of civilized people is to be unselfish, and the more misery you have the larger the duty implied.

A Chicago man applied for a divorce, and his petition set forth the specification that "tootsie wootsie" failed to perform her wifely functions, and refused to do her bounden duty in not pressing "hubby's trousers."

The club women of Chicago have seldom enjoyed a more enticing subject. And I thought that I, too, would take a hand in this discussion, and figure out in my own way whether it be indeed a woman's duty to press her husband's trousers. I picked up Webster's unabridged dictionary to find what duty was, and I saw that he divided it into three classes, natural, social, and legal.

A man's obligation to nature is called his natural duty; his obligation to society is his moral duty; his compliance with the law is his legal duty.

Angels may well fear to tread upon the sacred ground pre-empted by the definition-makers. I am a fool, and have no fear about rushing into the fray, and declaring that when Webster does not agree with me, then Noah is wrong, and that there is no other duty than legal duty. We look in vain for the germ of duty in nature. It is not the duty of the lightning to flash; it just flashes. It is not the duty of the bird to sing; it sings. It is not the duty of the rose to emit perfume; nor of the dunghill to—but why go into unsavory crannies, though nature lead the way? Nor is there any evidence of moral duty anywhere on the mental horizon. There is only Love that prompts us, and wherever anything is done that is not done by love it is done by hypocrisy. Surely duty is not hypocrisy—or am I foolish in saying this? If one be honest only from a sense of duty, how honest is he?

But legal duty is a "sure-enough" concept. We may obey our parents because we honor them. He is a coward who obeys from fear. Hence obedience yielded from any other sense than that of love is cowardice, not duty. Shall we exalt cowardice? Being a fool I would advise against that course. What say you, O ye wise? Duty means to do something you don't like to do, while obedience to nature is one of joy, besides giving you health, pleasure, and happiness. Nature will always give you the desire to fulfil the obligation she imposes upon you. Disobey nature and she will punish you with ill health and misery. Society will

thank you for complying with its moral obligations. If you are the cause of stopping a runaway horse, thereby preventing an accident; if you save a drowning person, or in any manner become active in averting danger to others, you become a hero. You have the praise of the public. Society will shun and look down upon you if you have not the welfare of others at heart. Rewards for obedience and punishment for disobedience are the methods by which life imposes its obligation on the individual.

Now, our legal duty is to obey the laws. There is no direct reward for obedience to legal behests, but there is punishment for disobedience, if one be not careful. Hence the first duty of the citizen is to beware lest he be caught undutifully attitudinizing toward the law of the land. There are some laws so adjusted that there is a direct reward for conformity. As for instance, those enactments that provide that one-half the penalty be awarded the informer. A fool might wish that the penalty in all such cases were lashes on the bare back, in order that the informer might be justly rewarded. However, it is not for the fool to make laws. Then there are extra rewards for officers of the law to perform so disagreeable a "duty" as to hang or electrocute the condemned. There is here a sort of confession that society is requiring from an officer a service which itself condemns, and soothes the conscience of the functionary with some thirty pieces of silver. It

is against the natural feeling of man to kill, maim, or injure his fellows, and therefore he must be paid for his act in some more substantial manner than the mere recognition of duty done. And so, in greater or lesser degree, all these things which are done from a sense of duty are in conflict with the natural and moral perceptions of man. Any other compliance with "good citizenship" does not hinge upon the duty spook at all. A mother nurses her child, not because she has to, but because she loves to. If you dislike to take a fool's dictum for this, analyze for yourself, and see where it leads you. Hence the whole scheme of society is being sustained by an artificial prop. It is the province of the school and church to keep this prop continually braced. Obedience to the law is the surface cry of these institutions. They teach it, preach it, insist upon it, yet all the cajolery and blandishments employed are not sufficient without the element of force. And with all the force that is exerted to sustain the laws, they are violated continually. There is no one, however much inoculated with the duty spook, who does not violate some law some of the time, though perhaps it cannot be said that any one violates all the law all the time. Yet the more conscious we are of disobedience to existing laws, the more new laws we pile upon our statute books to be broken.

Pressing a husband's trousers does not appear to be a natural duty. If it be a natural pleasure, then the

reward for doing the pressing is the pleasure that follows the operation. The woman in the case cited seemingly derived no pleasure from pressing the trousers of her lord and master. Hence nature had no voice in the case. Nor could such a service be called a moral duty, inasmuch as there is nowhere a moral code whereby one could be adjudged immoral by refraining from applying the pressure of a hot iron to hubby's "pants." Indeed, it may be said that the custom is one more honored in the breeches than in the trousers. But that is the comment of a fool, and need not be seriously considered. I am ostracized for being a fool, but I have never yet heard of a woman being ostracized for omitting to press her husband's trousers, nor, on the other hand, have I ever heard a woman praised for faithful attention to the requirements of her husband's bifurcated garments. Even at funerals of noble women have I never heard (and generally at that time all the good deeds, big or little, are said in her favor) the funeral orator say, "Here lies a noble woman who never missed a day without pressing her husband's trousers."

While there is a question of legal duty, no penalty seems to have been prescribed for non-observance, and no legal reward for compliance. Perhaps if after all it were a legal duty, you would find that the wife of each public functionary would be setting a lofty example by being photographed at the ironing-board and having a daily levee at pressing time. And by not doing it, it

is plainly to be seen, that it is not a legal duty. While it is neither natural, moral, nor legal to press husband's pants, yet if your husband be a tailor, and you an industrious woman, you will press pants, sew buttons, and do anything to help along.

POTATOES

POTATOES

BY means of certain noises, such as hisses and grunts, producing in combination various sounds, created by manipulations of the muscles of mouth, jaws, lips, throat, and tongue, thoughts are communicated among mankind. Before language was well developed there must have occurred many oddities of expression. Doubtless numerous misunderstandings resulted by reason of different words being used for names of one and the same object. But as the tailless varieties of bipeds adopted lingual methods of communication, certain sound-tags have at last come to stand for definite material objects, thoughts, and feelings. Thus words have meaning. Vocal labels which express whole ideas are not easily misunderstood. When I use the word potato, I make a mental image of a succulent tuber, white inside, and with a surface of brown, red, or gray; a most convenient adjunct to roast beef. I convey to the listener a conception in all respects similar to my own, he knowing that I refer to a certain food product which grows underground. Thus, without further description, a potato is known as a potato.

Acts are likewise named. We speak of a robber, a thief, a genius, and a prostitute, and a whole idea is

conveyed by each of these terms, and quite a definite one. But the irregular tags which we attach to many things—tags which convey an uncertain, double, or shifting meaning—are most puzzling, and therefore remain quite outside of my comprehension. The brain-fagging puzzle is the irregular label which stands for effect, and carries an equivocal meaning with it;—own cousin to the vessel that has a false bottom.

When I use the word thief I do not have in mind a general term which applies to all persons that secretly appropriate property belonging to another, for if one steals an overcoat and people know that he has an overcoat at home and so has no need of another (and also that he has the price to get himself an overcoat if he wishes), he cannot then be called a thief; he is a kleptomaniac, which is a joke on stealing. The word thief is used and applied only to the person who steals an overcoat because he is sorely in need of one, or he needs the money which the overcoat would bring him in the pawnshop. This man is a thief!

The term "thief," besides explaining the act, carries with it also a certain reproach. On the other hand, when I say "he made a good bargain," I mean that, while the fellow took the property of another like the thief did, his act is deserving of praise; and a thief is not a thief. When I call a man a robber, I am thinking of one who takes property by brute force—a term which carries with it an odor of ill-repute; a man to be avoided. But when I speak of some robbers I call them

soldiers. They are patriots who save the country—whose career is one of conquest; and robbers are not robbers. The term murder signifies the taking of the life of one human being by another or others, and there is conveyed an idea of violence, cruelty, and disgrace. But the infliction of capital punishment, which is also taking the life of another may elicit my approval; and thus murder is not murder.

The term prostitution implies a temporary, loveless, but pecuniary relationship between man and woman, and it has disgraceful implications; but I justify the pride of a woman who has made a good catch; her act is like the other, but meets with my approval; and a prostitute is not a prostitute. A fight is looked upon as an unmanly and disgraceful proceeding, and one who will strike another with his fists is described as being low; but let a thousand men fight with another thousand, the act is called war, and I justify and praise it; for a fight is no longer a fight. When a stronger person hits a weaker we call it a cowardly act, and it is condemned; still a judge on the bench said that should a man whip his wife, a mother her daughter, a teacher her pupil, it is called discipline. Thus it is easy to be seen that a potato is not always a potato after all, no matter how clearly the word potato signifies the staying powers of the Irish stomach; no matter how plainly the word calls to mind the irregular-shaped and various-sized murphies which the farmer digs, sacks, and takes to market.

Being what I am, I do not pretend to know when a potato is not a potato, but I do know when a potato is a potato, and I know that I know it. As an ignoramus then, I should like to be informed why it is that an untruth is sometimes in plain English called a lie, and at other times a piece of diplomacy; why should scandal passing from mouth to mouth be called harmful gossip, and immediately it appears in a daily paper is dignified by the name of news; why playing upon green cloth is called gambling, while playing upon the susceptibilities of financial lambs, who bleat on the floor of a chamber of commerce, is called speculation. I am waiting for a man to arise who can explain to me the difference between a libertine and a devil; who can tell me why a beer-soaked laborer is described as being drunk, and a champagne-saturated baron is spoken of as being exhilarated. Again, who can make as plain as day the difference between hypocrisy and the keeping up of appearances; or between a stuck-up woman and one having a proud, haughty bearing. The latter I am sure could make clear to me when a potato is not a potato. It is a fool's privilege to ask questions, and the wise may answer them in terms the scoffer cannot understand.

Mary goes into symbolical gustatory raptures over beef steak and green onions, while she does not care a single kitchen whiff for the names with which these solid dainties have been labeled. The real joy lies in the juicy steak and the succulent green onions which

she masticates so vigorously. Had our ape-like progenitors of the long ago named the juicy steak and green onions loneliness and barrenness respectively, Mary would have gone into raptures just as readily. She would have ruminated the loneliness and barrenness of it all, while "darning" all thoughts of steak and onions!

If "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is there any explanation to be had of the case in hand? Though if a rose, called a skunk-cabbage, would smell as sweet, would a skunk-cabbage, though called a rose, cease to present its pungent challenge to our olfactories? If we were all skunk-cabbages would we delight in enjoying our own odors? Of one thing only am I sure in this connection, that a potato is a potato—sometimes.

BUZZ-SAWS, SHORTCAKE, AND RIGHTS

BUZZ-SAWS, SHORTCAKE, AND RIGHTS

TO a man and his wife a child was born. As they were legally married, I suppose the child had a right to be born. The infant had a head and all the members which belong to a well-regulated head. It had two legs, and each leg had a foot; on each foot there were five toes. It also had two arms with hands attached to them, and each hand had five fingers. I suppose he had a right to everything he had.

The parents named the boy Eugene McCaren Bumphrey, and I cannot see why they should not have the right to name him Bumphrey, or any other name, if they had so chosen.

No wise man will deny that Eugene had the right to life, to his name, and to his fingers.

Nevertheless when in the course of time he went to work, Eugene lost three fingers off his right hand while employed at the saw-mill. He didn't know much about the taking ways of a circular saw when its buzz is in active business.

The wise men have not yet informed us whether, in taking Eugene's fingers, the saw also took his right

to the fingers. Now, if the saw took the fingers and left Eugene the right, what good is the right to Eugene? He cannot manipulate the right in such a way as to make it serve in the stead of the missing digits. If, on the other hand although really the left hand has nothing to do with the case, the saw, in taking the fingers took the rights also, what use can the saw make of the rights to Eugene's fingers?

Another question for the wise to decide is that same saw having at various times dismembered other people, when in the course of its human acquirements it will have accumulated flesh of sufficient variety that it will have in the aggregation a whole human being, has it, or has it not, also acquired the right of a whole human being, namely, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: and if it did, then what particular human being will come within the purview of these joint if for a time disjointed rights?

The wise man may not be able to point out the individual who would in such fashion become the Slave of the Saw, but we must surely insist that the saw's right is not that which we have in the Declaration of Independence, and is called natural rights, but it acquired its rights by conquest. That may be: but where did Eugene get his rights to his fingers in the first place? And do we by conquest acquire not only the thing we capture, but the rights that it is claimed go with the acquisition?

It must be fine to be wise enough to solve such a

riddle, yet there are many who do it off-hand, or, as in this case, off-finger.

We have been assured by the abnormally wise that each of us has the right to life. In that case he who takes his brother's life is justified, for he cannot take that life dissociated from the rights that go with it, and if he has taken the right along with the life, then he has a right to take it.

A mere fool has life, and does not require any right to life so long as life remains in him. And what in the name of all that is wise will any one do with the right to live when he has not life to live with?

If a fool is overboard and striving to keep afloat until help arrives, he is concerned about preserving his life, and has neither time nor strength in such a contingency to be striving to save his right to live. Quite otherwise with the wise man. He will not trouble to save his life at all. His sole purpose will be to preserve his right to life, and he will insist on it even as he grasps his last grasp.

Really I cannot muster up a very high regard for the right to life after one has become a "demolition moist body."

Recently some of our wisest insisted on a "sane" celebration of Independence Day. By this they mean that fewer firecrackers should be exploded. Of course they will sneer at a fool who suggests that it were the part of sanity to omit from the program of that holiday our ranorous insistence on the doctrine of natural rights.

We won no rights from Great Britain when we set up national housekeeping on our own hook. The mother country had none that we could win. We did not fight our Revolutionary War in order to gain any rights. Our revolt was a denial of rights. We denied that King George had any of the rights cited in our catalogue of denials called our Declaration of Independence.

There is a most important difference between our denial of the right of the other fellow to aggress, and our putting a chip on our own shoulder, calling it by the name of "rights" in order to terrify the invader.

When I was down at the farm last year, my uncle brought in some peaches on Saturday night. My cousin and I ate them, not knowing that they were especially consecrated to the purpose of Sunday peach shortcake. Uncle was wroth when he learned that his plans had been frustrated, as he is "powerful fond o' shortcake." He said that he had planted "them peaches, and had the right to say what was to be done with 'em, and didn't like the idea of a passel of silly gals that oughter have better sense nebbin' in." He had all the rights after we had devoured his peaches that he had ever had, and I never thought to ask him why he did not have Jane make a shortcake of the rights, for I know we did not eat any when we feasted on his peaches.

When the wise speak of the non-interference with speech, press, assembly, and the like, they refer to these liberties as rights. Yet the thought of so thinking of

them would never have occurred to any one had no invasion of these liberties ever been undertaken under the name of "rights."

Free speech and kindred liberties are not dependent on the doctrine of rights, but, on the contrary, are assailed only in that name. We are on firm ground when we demand to be shown by what right our liberties are abridged. The invader cannot show us how his rights to invade were established, or whence derived. We are secure against his claim of rights by denying them. Once we acquiesce in his plea, and oppose it by asserting contrary rights, we may in turn be called upon to show the origin of the rights we claim, and I warrant even the wisest of us will stumble at that task.

Does the bird need any declaration of her rights to fly? I know she needs wings, and if I should pluck one of the wings she would then be unable to fly. But should our wise legislative assembly declare that a bird has no right to fly, will that cause her wings to wither, or what will happen to her?

A fool does not claim the right to laugh at the wise. It is enough to know that the wise have no rights against being the subjects of the laughter of fools.

IN WONDERLAND

IN WONDERLAND

IN the pottery, by the wheel sits the potter, molding pots from the clay which is before him. It is a work of pleasure with him, for, after admiring the pots for a while, he puts them back in the clay pile to be reshaped into new pots. How marvelously the potter works the unending variety of the pots. The pots are alive; they never are at a standstill—always on the go; they are not to-day what they were yesterday, and to-morrow they will be again different.

Life, the potter, is an artist. He molds his pots in various shapes and endless designs. I understand that he is always at work. We have no certain knowledge when he began, neither do we know when he will end. The designs are infinite, from the common thistle to the most delicate flower; from the tiniest blade of grass to the most majestic oak. The marvelous ways of life, the unending change in all his creation, challenges attention. From the smallest to the largest works of art in this workshop of life a constant change goes on. And how deftly, too, the constant waste is repaired—the steady drain compensated. There is not much difficulty in the absorption and repair of waste by units which move not from place to place. The rain and

sunshine comes to the plant to assist in its repair; if those be denied, it withers and decays. Some forms of vegetation apparently assist themselves; many plants lift their heads to the sun, others set wiles to ensnare; some decoy by fragrant perfumes, others by pleasant juices. Their needs are satisfied by the mere lifting of their heads and the absorption of a few insects.

In the animal world the organic units move from place to place and the change is more apparent. Each comes into being small and weak, but complete. It gathers and absorbs to itself parts of other organisms till it reaches perfectness, then dies. It dissolves itself to be absorbed by others. In the animal, from the tiniest amœba to the most complicated form, the repair requires effort and exertion. The more complex an organism the greater the effort required of it. A worm is satisfied to eat of the earth on the spot where it is. Birds have to travel miles in order to get away from climatic conditions. The more complex the organism the more it needs to assert itself. When we come to man, the most complicated animal of them all, his conscious effort is required in repairing his waste.

Scientists tell us that by waste and absorption we have new bodies every seven years; that is, in seven years the old body is wasted away, but by constant repair—the building up of new tissues—new bodies are created.

Man needs air, sunshine, water, food, and shelter.

Air and sunshine are around about him; for food, water, clothing, and shelter his exertion against nature is ceaseless. He must be active, he must be creative, to satisfy his constant needs. His capital to start on is a head, hands, and feet. The head plans, the feet take him to the place of action, and with the hands he makes tools and executes and carries out the ideas formulated by the brain. He prepares his food, shelter, clothing, and means of locomotion. Any defect in either of these natural tools renders him unable to satisfy his wants. Unless charitably inclined comrades of his species provide for the idiot, the cripple, the paralytic, and repair the waste for them, they must perish.

Life, therefore, means work, and the joy of work is the joy of life. We see this in animal and human development. To be active, to create, to meet the constant need—these are titles to survival. Nevertheless, there is a tendency on the part of the more active to be kindly to the laggard. Even the drone is tolerated long before he is driven from the hive. Life consists in repairing, in compensating, for the inevitable waste. Death is the result of neglect.

And ruminating thus I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream of Wonderland. There is no law, as yet, against dreaming. The nihilist may dream in Russia without awaking in Siberia. The most pious Methodist may dream of dancing without being in danger of the council, and he may escape brimstone and other satanic

chemicals if his dream shift from the waxed floor to the poker table. William Morris dreamed a dream of anarchic communism and labeled it "News from Nowhere." Perhaps he derived more real pleasure from the dream than he could have realized from a "coming true" of the filmy fabric of his fatigue.

Professor Triggs dreamed that he was in a city of comrades. He dreamed a little too loud and woke Charlie Hutchinson, who in turn woke the professor.

In my dream of Wonderland, I seemed to be surrounded by the kindliest and most charitable beings that I had ever known. I saw able-bodied and alert-witted men and women who accepted charity as though it were their due. They did nothing for themselves nor for others, yet their every want and need was gratified by the dear people of Wonderland.

The dolers of this charity kept for themselves barely enough to repair their own waste. Such beautiful self-immolation I had never seen. I saw the toilers working on the farms, cultivating grain that was being fed to fatten the cattle designed for the food of the beneficiaries of their charitable efforts. Others were building slaughter-houses, and others again were converting the live cattle into porterhouse and tenderloin, and still others were preparing these dainty cuts for the table of the recipients of this charity. And the latter required savory and piquant sauces of mushrooms and capers and the like, in order that their appetites might be properly aroused and stimulated.

The workers, less dainty, needed none of these artful aids to appetite; for the bones and gristle and entrails they reserved for themselves.

In my vision of Wonderland I saw others endangering their lives in quarries, cutting out marble to ornament the beautiful mansions which the charitable were building for their wards. Many were content to be cooped up in stuffy factories manufacturing beautiful rugs and carpets to be enjoyed by the helpless ones for whom they were serving. I saw earnest men designing artistic furniture and inlaid musical instruments to adorn the elegant mansions of the beneficiaries of all this charitable endeavor. And the wives of the toilers were in the kitchen and their sisters in the laundry and their children in the shops, all striving to relieve the slightest need of the helpless class.

The workers themselves stole away to rest in cramped and poorly furnished garrets, damp basements, or under sidewalks.

The wards of charity were never beaten or ill-used. No harsh words were spoken to them, nor were they reproached for their dependent condition. In this dreamland the charity wards were not set to work on the street nor sent to soup-houses for food, as is the case in the wideawake world. Instead, they were furnished fine carriages, drawn by spirited horses, while the donors of charity sat in livery. These accommodating dream-people were very considerate, responding to each nod and beck of their wards.

Believe me, Wonderland is the ideal place. Nowhere have I seen self-sacrifice and brotherly love exemplified in such perfection.

A loud voice woke me from my beautiful dream. It was the landlord, demanding the rent.

INVENTORY

INVENTORY

THE term inventory is readily understood when used in commerce by persons who are engaged in some manner with the supply of the satisfaction of man's desire. If your industries figure into the millions, or if you are a clerk selling calico; if you are spending an allowance, or are a housekeeper depending on your husband's or children's wages, you take stock. The method and time of taking stock varies. In vast industrial or commercial enterprises it is not so frequent as with the man of meager resources. The large commercial dividend-paying houses ought to take stock before they declare dividends. If they don't take inventory of the assets and the liabilities, they take inventory of the stockholders. The ones who can be easily frozen out of their stock considered as assets, the ones who cannot are marked as liabilities, for they have to be taken along in the combine when reorganization takes place.

The man who sells his labor at one dollar per day need not work overtime to take stock; he takes stock mentally. "I get six dollars per week; can't have champagne for dinner; saloon must be my club; free lunch and 'schooner' is my bill of fare; one dollar for

the week's lodging, fifty cents to Lizzie or Mary, and by Christmas I will have enough to get me a second-hand suit of clothes and an overcoat."

Success in business does not depend so much on the largeness of the capital as upon the knowledge of how to use this capital to the best advantage. You find when you take stock what goods sold best, what paper is the best advertising medium, who is your best clerk, what departments you are to enlarge, and from what charity donation you got the most benefit. All must focus to this one point if you wish to succeed—to increase the assets, decrease the liabilities, get as much as possible, give as little as you can, and have the people satisfied.

The taking of stock is not only in what we call legitimate business. Even the criminals have a way of taking stock. The assets are the plunder, the liabilities are the risks. They have to figure as to the price of the policeman on the beat, what a pull with the alderman will cost, and how about straw bail. The robber has his way, the preacher his way; there is not one that can escape it.

It is not business alone that monopolizes stock-taking. In whatever you are trying to accomplish you must take inventory. Success does not depend so much on vastness of resources as on the knowledge of how to use the capital with which to work to the best advantage.

In European countries even the family is inventoried

—daughters are the liabilities, sons the assets. With an income per annum of so much, if his children be sons he can live up to the limit; if girls he cannot; he must be saving for the dowry. It is amusing how some try to minimize the liabilities and maximize the assets when they are being inspected.

The young man who calls on a girl with the intention of making an impression upon her, dresses in his best, takes out his Sunday manners, and shows himself off all assets and no liabilities. And she has the parlor and sitting-room furniture dusted, massages and powders her face, sprinkles rose-water on herself. If her cheek or her chin is beautiful she takes pains that he may see them, so a beauty spot is pasted that it may call attention; he cannot fail to notice it. And her language, how choice, and her voice, how different, when her best young man is there than when she scolds the cook. I know a lady who changes her voice automatically whenever a stranger is near. If you see her at that time you see a bundle of assets and no liabilities.

Stocktaking is not monopolized by man. The taking of stock goes on everywhere; it is the most important factor in the world; it is responsible for everything there is.

The forest with its animal life, the sea with its life, the air with its life, owe their being to the taking of stock in the beginning by the molecules and atoms which compose them. The world, with its pains and

its pleasures, its happiness and its misery, its arts and its sciences, its progress and its woes, its smiles and its tears, is the net balance of the inventory.

Natural selection is the result of the summing up as to whether you will remain where you are and receive hard knocks, or struggle to get ahead and change your environment to escape the knocks—and you have decided to change—which results in evolution. It began with the mystery of the world. It has been kept up ever since, and will continue unto its very end. Things that came into being are records; and the things brought into being by the things are records. The world is a counting-house, life its book-keeper, and the net balance, man.

The balance is the working capital of the future, and while the present balance cannot be changed, as that is the net results and is final, yet man thinks he can and exerts himself to change the balance, and does change it, but not for himself; the change is for the future. Man is working for the future by working in the now—for what he thinks the present will bring to him. Being uncomfortable where he is, he has to move. His motives in stepping up is the betterment of himself, and in so doing he unconsciously carves the future. Life is a series of stocktaking, from the cradle to the grave; the figures are alive; they are actors, spectators, and critics; some have the privilege of being players, and some are being played upon.

Stocktaking is Judgment Day; then we get the net balance of the past, but do not forget that the lessons for the future are the most important in the day of inventory. If you miscalculate on that day you shall surely "go broke."

LIFE'S MESSAGE

LIFE'S MESSAGE

I HAVE listened to what Life says, and I will tell you a few truths as I have them recorded. Not only have I heard, but I am the voice as well as the sender of the voice. Not only am I the messenger, but I am also bid to be the executor of the message.

Life desires to get acquainted with you and what concerns you, and I would be pleased to have you know Life. As you are a stranger to yourself, therefore I will introduce yourself in me to yourself in me. There are so many of you in me that I can scarcely count you. There is you who have sinned and you who have sainted; you the judge passing sentence on you the convict.

Come, all of you in me, and get acquainted with each other. Really you ought to like each other. Here you, shake hands with yourself! Love each other! As there is really only one of you, and when the different fragments of yourself shall have become united, you shall know Life. Come! I will show you how to get at one with yourself. You are myself, you know; that accounts for my interest in you. You become a unit by sacrificing the different selves in you. Spare nothing. The Christ in you must be sacrificed with the evil in

you. I feel your reasoning self say, it is unreasonable that in order to live one must sacrifice self. I cannot help you any, for this is the law. It is reasonable also, and the only unreasonableness about it is your reason.

The smith stands at his forge. Fragments of iron he welds into a bar. Each piece he passes through the cleansing fire before he can amalgamate them into the oneness of the bar. No fragment is spared this ordeal, else it would not unite. The fragment is lost—it has been absorbed by the bar.

Of what service think you was the tiny strength of the isolated fragment? But behold! Its own strength it has sacrificed, but it has inherited the power of the bar. It is performing miracles.

Of what use is your reason in separateness? Reason is a part of you, and though it is important, it is only a small part of Life. You use reason in placing your food into your mouth instead of into your ear, but reason did not make the food, ear, or mouth; nor did it make anything else. Suppose your nose, which is an important factor on your face, should say there is no liver, because it nosed and found it not. Does that prove that the nose knows? When your liver gets in such a state that the nose knows about it, your liver will be out of business as a liver. Yes, sacrifice is the law of Life.

I see the doubter of yourself doubt. You wonder why it is that I should be more favored than you. Why don't Life talk to me? you say. So you believe that I

lie when I say that I hear Life. Well, you are right. I have lied, and it being true proves that what I said is true, and it in turn proves that I did not lie.

The waste which your body throws off, because your body cannot use it, has become a lie, yet is not less truth than the stuff which your body absorbed and is truth. The waste makes the absorption possible. If you would spare your body the effort of separating and discarding the waste and reserving the life force from the food it ate, your body would be spared life, as it is nourished by the very thing you spared it of. Skepticism, lying, evil, falsehood, and pain are a part and necessary to life, just as the waste is a part of the food that has performed its service. And the work of separating the unpleasant from the pleasant, the lies from the truth, the evil from the good, the pain from the pleasure, is the food which life lives upon, and with which it could not dispense. It is true, I have not heard Life. Life does not talk to the ear, thus I could not hear. I saw the voice—No, that is a lie too! I did not see it; I felt it in my heart. No! I did not do that either. Let me see, what did I do? Well, I don't know what I did do, nor do I know how I came by Life's message, but I know it is the message of Life, and I am satisfied. Oh, I have it! I know now! I know! I know! Your scrutinizing self has somewhat confused me. What was it you said that you said? Was it not something about Life and a message? Let's see, you had a message I believe, and were telling about it, and I was

skeptical, and did not believe a word you said, and I embarrassed you by asking questions, and you could not explain how you came by Life's message. Tell us again, please. What did you say Life's message was? Get together? That's funny! I am wrong, I know I am. If you look at me like that I shall go mad, I know I will. Let me think! You have me all befuddled. Oh, yes, you were trying to clarify to me the clearness of Life, and the Life which is not to be made clear. That which can be revealed in a vision, and the unvisionable you are trying to visionize. You were trying to reasonize Life, the what that can and the what that cannot be reasoned.

You were trying to cram the universe into a pint measure. Time, love, sacrifice, happiness, wisdom, God, and what not, you were trying to measure with the toy foot-rule of reason which I gave you. You failed! You are discouraged and doubt, and are angry! Now I can see you laugh at me, mock me! I see you pity me. Why should you laugh at me, why should I be pitied? What have I done to be mocked? Say, am I foolish? What! Ha! ha! You did not say anything about Life to me? You say that it was I who was telling you about Life and its message. Really you are mistaken; it could not have been I. Who is "I"? There was once an I, but "I" is no more. It is you who lives in the house where I used to live, and you are so large that it fills me all. There is no room for "I" in there. In the whole of my being I feel you. It

laughs when you laugh. It cries with you. It feels your pain. It loafs and sins with you. It saints when you saint; it reasons for you. So you see, it was not I who was talking, because there is no more I; I has moved and has taken apartments in Life. It was you talking to yourself; you laughing at yourself; you mocking yourself; you angry with yourself—and all because you could not explain. And why should you? What is there to explain? Is it then not all clear?

Hark! and listen to what Life says. Life is talking now, talking through all its being, to all of yourself. How the grass smiles at you, and the moon, and the stars, how they look at you! How all the animals, the birds, and everything in Life wishes to get at one with you! And you understand them not; you are listening for a voice to be heard with ears. You are waiting for a vision to be seen with eyes; you are waiting for something to be smelled and sensed.

Life is all around you. It is in you and you find it not. Don't you know me? It is "I," Life!

I am everywhere. I have no limitations. In the depths and on the heights, I am! The winds take me in their breezes and in their gales; the sunlight in its shadows and in its brightness. I am in the song of the birds. The lowing of the kine and the roar of the wild beasts, I am. I glisten in the dew, and the spark of the diamond radiates me. The whisperings of the tree and brook, the thunders of the storm, the mighty rush of waters—all are mine.

I am the Life of the forests; the Life of the seas: I am the sea and the forest. I am the Life of the insects: I am the insects. I am the life of the deserts: I am the desert. I am the life of the quadruped and the biped: I am the quadruped and the biped. I am the life of the good and the evil: I am the good and the evil—all are included in me. I am the best of that which is good and the worst of that which is bad—and that is good.

By seeking you will not find me. When you have forsaken me I am with you. Come unto me, you weaklings, and I will give you strength; you weary ones, and I will give you rest. Come you perturbed ones, and I will give you peace. And to you who are little children I will give wisdom. To love and to serve; to let Life live through you, from everlasting to everlasting.

This is the message of Life.

SYMBOLS AND TAGS

SYMBOLS AND TAGS

THERE is something the matter! A feeling of uneasiness is within me. What's up, I wonder? My physician tells me that my liver is in good shape. My heart, he says, beats normal; he examined me carefully, and assured me that there is nothing wrong with me. My health seems to be good, and my appetite is in splendid working order. I have a place to sleep; I could have all the clothes I need; still, I am not very happy. There is something wrong—I know there is. A kind of restless feeling possesses me. I have examined myself all over, and I cannot account for the cause of it within myself, because it is not myself that I feel; I feel others within me; I feel you. There is something radically wrong with me in you, which I feel. What is it that you have not, and for which your heart craves? I feel that you feel lonely; you feel that you are separated from something to which you ought to be united; you are like a wanderer, a stranger you are—even amongst your most intimate. You are hungry for love; you feel depressed because even the ones who love you love not you—but what you give them.

Come, O my beloved! tell me; tell me whether

these are your symptoms? No, you need not; I feel you—way down deep in my heart I feel you; it is you who have not felt me knocking at your heart's door, and you have locked your heart and would not let me enter. I would have fed you, I would have nourished you; I know I would. I know you are Life-hungry, caused by your feeding on symbols instead of the real; it did not nourish you and you are famished.

You have given symbols the place of the real things. You have accepted a thing, the value of which exists in the fact that it is redeemable in something of value; you have become contented with an order which is exchangeable for something you want—for the thing you want—and it does not satisfy you. Should you get a cheque, you would not be content unless there be funds to make it good. If I should present you with a meal-ticket you would not be satisfied unless you could go to the place and get the meal.

Ideas are worthless unless you can realize them; they must be redeemed and acted before they become of value—you must live them. That's what ails you—you have overeaten on ideas. You have chewed up your meal-ticket, and wonder why you are still hungry.

Instead of acts, which are the food of Life, you have substituted ideas, and Life in you famishes for things vital. You selected the wise to guide you, and they did; you have the wise men to do the thinking for you; you have them prepare beautiful thoughts, pickled, fried, or preserved, and you feed on them. How long

would your body last if you fed it on meal-tickets instead of the stuff which a meal-ticket will get? It takes steak, potatoes, and the like to make tissue, muscles, and bone. You thought to be wise is to think wisely, which is true, but you must redeem the thought in acts. Thoughts are the soul of acts—and are worthless in themselves. That is the trouble; you thought there was merit in thinking wisely, and so you thought, and thought, and thought. If wisdom consists in thinking, it matters not the direction thoughts take. So the wise—with grave and serious energy—entered upon thought where no act was possible. A thought may have been valuable when conditions rendered a possibility of realizing action upon it in the end. Thought is worthless when it cannot be put into use.

In your heart I find a foreign substance—an idol of symbol worship. This it is that poisoned your conduct at its very source, and corruption has entered into every activity of life and produced myriad forms of hypocrisy.

In theology you are given dead thoughts of the past and amazing theories of the future, none of which can issue in wise acts of to-day. You go about with religious meal-tickets, yet finding no tables set; for you are supplied with worthless cheques upon the establishments of yesterdays and to-morrows.

What care you for future worlds? It is love and happiness in this world which you are after. What

care you for the bones of the past or of the future? It is the living bones and skin that interest me. The Bible is all right, but what of the Bible of to-day? Religion has become a belief instead of a life. Ask the priest of to-day what to do and he will tell you to believe. Then you believe that you are what you thought you would like to be. Jesus said, "Why call you me master and do not my commandments?" and in the name of Him who tells you to do, the church tells you you can believe—but be damned if you *do;* we will not tolerate any nonsense; we have a place for silly fellows like you.

Imagine yourself doing unto others what you would want them to do unto you! How long do you suppose it would be before your friends would have a guardian appointed over you? This belief is the keynote of hypocrisy, which has spread and become the fashion in all branches of activity; and to-day's unhappiness is the hypocrisy in man's life made apparent.

Scientific thought takes the same direction—dealing with ideas, theories, classifications, and measurements—things which are not vital to human life and human happiness. Our scientists come forward with pathological explanations and theories concerning degeneracy; with charts, diagrams and skull measurements. They put complicated machines on the little fingers of our school-children to measure the out-go of their precious lives as they bend over the study of dim, dead pages.

In the industrial field, the symbol takes shape in

veneers, shellacs and polishes; and men build great temples for their symbol-worship, and construct amazing systems for the accumulation of wealth—systems built for ideas instead of for man; systems that demonstrate such ideas as division of labor, and such a man as the crooked-backed accountant adding up a lifetime of figures, or the dim-eyed sweatshop toiler working out a lifetime of buttonholes. Systems that produce such helpless abortions as millionaires and tramps, systems that change happy, healthy, well-developed human beings into mere adjuncts and gives to the ones who actually produce the lowest caste of all.

Art holds up to us the past—the Greek, the Gothic, the Renaissance; and the artist, driven to copy, neglects to produce the vital and living art of the present.

In reform we go about calling ourselves reformers, not because we live a life of reform, but because we say that we do not believe in the old form. We call ourselves socialists, not because we practice socialism, but because we believe in the socialistic doctrine; and thus we believe we are what we believe we would like to be.

You would object to the name of "scavenger," because you believe in removing the dung, but you will insist that you be called a good man, because you believe in goodness.

If I should call you a capitalist because you believe in making money, you would probably think I am making sport of your poverty. You would tell me that a capitalist is he who has capital, not he who is seeking

to acquire it. Yet you do not hesitate to tag yourself socialist, anarchist, or single-taxist, though you only believe in the theory underlying your ism and do nothing toward living it.

The less you have of a thing, and the less you are the thing, the more you talk about it. Lacking happiness, you talk it. Talking of art is conclusive evidence that you lack art. You talk of love when you feel the absence of love, and you think you have it by proclamation. Words, phrases, clauses, noise! The child calls an engine "choo-choo" because of the sound the machine makes when exhausting steam. The child thinks the function of the engine is to emit a certain kind of noise. So you are impressed with the enthusiasm of your discussions in advocacy of your ism, and you think yourself to be the thing discussed.

This symbol-worship is everywhere. Take the vaudeville; an old soubrette with no voice, no looks—let her cackle "Yankee Doodle," wave the flag, and she will receive applause for saving the nation.

On three occasions I visited a concert hall in Chicago where they served poor meals and worse music for good prices. The orchestra each time played, by request, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the patriotic feeling was demonstrated by the applause.

That's what ails you. You have been feeding on symbols. You have been trying to make yourself believe you are satisfied with applause, though you are starved for Life-food. You have tried to outgrow and

destroy the expression of naturalness through your body and mind. You have cut off every root and branch you could find which was holding you to naturalness, and in their place you put the substitute of symbols. Your mother and father, your uncle and aunt, and grandmothers and grandfathers, your school-teachers and Sunday-school teachers, and preachers, all united in demanding that you leave off naturalness and take on the symbols.

Thus it is that man has lost his connection with Life and gropes in darkness and dwells in death. Nothing short of a complete turning away from this course of action is able to bring him into conjunction with Life as it is intended to express through his body and mind by means of his sensations.

OCCULTISM

OCCULTISM

THE advantage I possess over other people is that so little is expected of me. Some of those who remain my friends, despite my being a fool, and others who love me because I am so amusing to them, talk of concepts which they have formed that cannot be made apparent to me. It may be that some day I, too, will develop an additional sense whereby I may learn to realize what to me at present is unrealizable.

My senses—those I am conscious of—seem to be working all right, though my being a fool may account for the untenableness of some of the conclusions I draw from observation. My sense of smell, when dealing with boiled cabbage, asserts a degree of insubordination that requires a decided gratification for the sense of taste to overcome. A fool therefore becomes aware of things not only from an impression due to the concord of the senses, but likewise to dissension in that realm. The illustration of decaying eggs occurs to me also, but I am not such a fool as to introduce my conclusions concerning them in this connection.

So the fool becomes aware of the existence of things from the impression they make on his senses. He sees,

feels, smells, hears, and tastes things; he knows then that they are.

Some things affect all my senses, and some things can only affect two, and some but one sense, but all things must impress me; I must sense them in order for me to know of their existence.

A man who is virtuous (knowing that I am not) hearing my statement, asked me if I thought virtue existed, and if it did he wanted to know what sense it affected. And I replied that my sense of humor was awfully affected when he was anywhere near me. He called me a fool! I wonder if he sensed my reply.

If our senses are faulty, or if even one sense is out of order, we fail to conceive that object which is conceived through that sense, and we do not know whether it exists or not. However, if our senses are in well-behaved working order, and we conceive not, we know the object does not exist.

Take a man born blind, never having experienced the sense of sight; it is very difficult for him to imagine what sight is, and it would be very hard to give that man an impression of things you can see and he cannot. If you were to discuss color in the blind man's presence, all would understand what is being discussed except the blind man. He would wonder what you were talking about. But take a man who lost his sight, while you can lie to him regarding the color of an object, yet he knows that color exists, because he himself experienced it at one time.

Now, suppose that a new sense should develop in man, and supposing that that sense comes to but a few, then the language of those few, when talking about those things conceived by that new sense, would seem strange to the rest of mankind. They would not only not know what you were talking about, but they would not even know what it was that they lacked. This is exactly what has happened.

The elect are having a new sense installed in their anatomy; caballa, or occultism, is its name. This new sense differs from the rest of the senses, in that it has no distinct place of abode in the human make-up. You cannot locate its dwelling-place; it has no definite house wherein it lives.

All the other senses have offices, laboratories, and a most complicated diplomatic service and clearing-house, where they do their work. You must have eyes to see, and when you see something, there are messengers in the eyes which notify the brain as to what they see. Besides these, there are offices that are occupied by ambassadors of the other members of the body, stomach, sex, legs, hands, and all other members that make the body complete, have agents on the lookout for the wishes of its master. If your stomach likes a particular kind of food, its ambassador will be on the lookout for it, through the eyes, nose, mouth, etc. If sex predominates you, your ambassadors will sense a good-looking man within a certain radius. If you are blind, it means that you close up shop, that the offices

and sub-offices of sight are closed, and so it is with the sense of smell and the other senses. This new sense has no particular place of abode. It has no distinct office with its desks and its laboratory force, where it performs its functions. Caballa or occultism sees without eyes, smells without a nose, feels without feelers.

Now, the reason that the new sense has no home is because this new sense conceives things inconceivable to the other senses; therefore the very home in which it lives must be inconceivable and incomprehensible to the rest of the senses, and while the people have the assurance that it is there, it is invisible, therefore unexplainable to the mass of mankind that have not that sense. The wise men are awfully embarrassed by that fact, for if it had a home like unto the other senses, they could point to its home and say to the masses, "Do you see that bump? This is the home of the new sense; caballa lives there." Although you cannot explain to the blind man what sight is, by letting him feel your eyes with your hands and then letting him feel his own, you could convince him that he is lacking something which you have. As there is neither hump nor bump to point to, the caballist cannot explain what that sense is to one who never had it. It is easy to explain a sense to a person who even once had that sense and lost it, but you cannot tell a person who never saw, the difference between lavender and pink.

There have always been occultists, and always others who were not able to understand what it's all

about. The first record I can discover of Caballa is Talmudic. One of the stories of the Talmud tells of a cabalist who saw a bird standing up to his ankles in the sea, his head touching the clouds. The cabalist concluded that he could have some fun going in wading at that spot, but he heard a still small voice dissuading him by the assurance that where the bird was standing it was so deep that a woodchopper had lost an axe seven years before which had not yet touched bottom. This incident shows how difficult it must be to make cabalistic utterances appeal to the unoccult.

Adepts are becoming more numerous. For a long time there were none in Occidental lands. Now Oshkosh vies with Calcutta in the maintenance of New Thought societies, and Kalamazoo with Bagdad. Still the ordinary man and woman contends that the reason the idea remains misty to the practical mind is because there is no idea; that the very wise do not see things which are invisible to common people. Some go so far as to assert that the occultist is not endowed with a superior intelligence but with a diseased mind.

This is cruel enough to place the very wise on the same lowly levels with such fools as I.

At the hotel in a little town where all the guests use a common parlor, there were waiting for "train time" a rabbi, an adept, and a Chicago drummer. The rabbi paced the floor excitedly, and was presently heard to say earnestly, "I see, I see!" Asked what it was he

saw, he said, "I see God on his throne in heaven, surrounded by the chosen ones who glorify his name."

The adept thereupon paced the floor also, and exclaimed "I see, I see!" And in reply to the inquiries of the others, he declared that he saw hell, with all its misery, where those who, while on earth, had lived contrary to the doctrine that "all that pleases must be vile" were being tortured ruthlessly.

Then the drummer declared that he, too saw.

"And what do you see?" the others asked the earthly man of samples.

"I see," he replied, "a couple of the durndest fools in Illinois."

He was only a drummer, and I am only a fool.

THE FLY AND THE DONKEY

THE FLY AND THE DONKEY

THE school-teacher who criticized my juvenile attempts to write as prettily as the copperplate pattern across the top of the copy-book page went about her task in a kindly spirit. Had she rapped me across the knuckles I should have hated her, I know.

"Napoleon wrote a very poor hand," she told me, "and he became a great man. He did not become great because his penmanship was bad, but in spite of that fact."

My sex precluded my becoming a great man, whether my chirography aided or retarded such a destiny. Nevertheless, I received in that lesson a foundation of logic that "comes in handy" every now and then.

So when I heard the story of the Industrious Flies and the Patient Ass, I rejected the reasoning of the wise fly, however satisfactory it may have been to the donkey.

Once there was a man so foolish that he could understand the language of the insects. He owned a donkey.

So it was that on a hot day, an ass pulling a heavy

load along a dusty road made no complaint except against the harassments imposed upon her by a swarm of flies. She lashed at the ravenous insects with her tail, made an occasional snap at them with her teeth, and a desultory dart at them with a hoof in her frantic effort to be rid of her tormentors. She laid down on the roadside, breaking the shafts of the wagon, killed some of the flies, but most of the flies got away and jumped on the ass again when she arose. This operation was repeated a great many times. She was a tired beast when she reached her journey's end several hours behind time, and it was a relief to get into the friendly shelter of a stable, where she might enjoy hay and water, secure from the merciless flies. The wisest of the flies however had accompanied her into the stable, and, perching on the donkey's best ear, he buzzed his plaint of misery thus.

"Thou dolt and ingrate! All day hast thou manifested displeasure because of the great love we bear thee. We sang to thee our sweetest songs, and our proddings gave thee strength to complete thy journey to this haven of rest. Had it not been for us how couldst thou have reached the succulent fodder which is now thy portion?"

The penitent ass bowed her head in shame before these reproaches.

"I had not estimated your help at its proper value," she brayed, humbly, "and I beg to be forgiven, miserable sinner that I am!"

Was ever donkey in such manner wooed? I forgot to mention the fact that it was a "she" donkey.

Away back in "the blurred bush of bygones" it was a most important religious ceremonial to eat the flesh of our grandmothers. The priest of that day assured us of eternal damnation did we omit reverent regard for that sacrament, however tough the fiber of the feast.

And the priest of this day tells us that, were it not for him, we would still be dining on grandma.

"See what government has done for you!" shrieks the vehement politician. "It gives you your rights and protects you in them!"

In refusing to admit the claims of priest and politician I lay myself open to the indictment of being the same sort of an ingrate as the wise fly charged the patient donkey with being, but I know the story of Napoleon's handwriting, and the donkey didn't.

Whatever progress humanity has made toward decency, considerateness and justice have been accomplished in spite of church and state, and not because of them.

Nevertheless the wise flies keep on buzzing their claims unto the patient donkey, and the ass believes.

Every onward step from cannibalism, slavery, tyranny, injustice, was made against the protest of church and state.

Our truly great have become so only as they have taught us to laugh to scorn the magniloquent claims of authority.

Every form of Magna Charta, in every age, was wrested from some unwilling king, who protested that it was his great love for us that resisted our demands.

Authority maintains its institutions in order to teach the masses patriotism, religion, and wisdom. It behooves us to discount authoritarian definitions if we would attain happiness.

When the wise established institutions to inject wisdom into fools, the foolishness of the fools infected the wisdom of the wise and they became foolish. When the state establishes military academies to train cowards into heroes, the cowardice of the coward is assimilated by the heroes, and they in turn refuse to fight. When great institutions are founded to teach the masses, the masses unlearn the professors, so that they question their own wisdom. While I agree with the wise ones that things will settle themselves all right, I must say that we have progressed in spite of them, and if we would see ourselves as the wise see us, then they must see that we are getting less and less religious, less and less virtuous, less and less patriotic, less and less wise.

We are safe in abjuring authoritarian religion that we may become sanely religious. We must rebel against institutionalized patriotism if we would evince a decent regard for the rightful claims of humanity. We must become less wise and less virtuous from conventional points of view to be truly virtuous and practically wise.

Lest we be as the credulous donkey.

NET BALANCE

NET BALANCE

THE task of taking stock of myself has not proven a pleasant one. I have been trying to figure out what society has granted me, and to what extent I have responded with an equivalent. I find that I wear clothes I did not make. I consume food I did not grow nor prepare. I inhabit a dwelling which I neither designed, built, nor furnished. I enjoy facilities of transportation, though I have built neither roads nor vehicles.

Figure it as I may, I discover my account to be in a bad way. The assets present a goodly array, but they dwindle mightily before the overwhelming formidableness of the list of liabilities. I have been running into debt to society at an alarming rate. Funny I never thought of it until stocktaking day.

Altogether the discovery is disconcerting in the extreme. My conscience is not a satisfactory bookkeeper under these conditions. That conscience of mine will not allow my charging up against the liabilities the unction I would lay to my soul that I have been sympathetic, and held high ideals. And, indeed, when I essay to apply the unction I realize that I cannot find my soul. Where had my soul gone? What had

become of that much-prized soul? I have lost my soul in this insolvency. I tried to increase my spiritual assets by attaching myself to certain religious organizations, but could find no consolation there, till at last I decided that I ought to go into spiritual bankruptcy and ask for a receiver. In this wide world, where you can get most everything, I have failed to find the spiritual court with jurisdiction that qualifies it for that position. I have searched everywhere, and find to my amazement that all are in the same fix. Society as a whole is spiritually bankrupt—it, too, has lost its soul.

The cause of this strange state of affairs I found to be not due to the direct intention of life to defraud itself, but society's spiritual auditors made a grave mistake in stocktaking. The trouble seems to be that these functionaries have underestimated the ultimate cost of things. They thought that the price it pays for its labor represents the cost. We have thought that pieces of mud, gold, and silver are equivalent to life, and that by paying a certain wage we had acquitted ourselves of all obligation. Then, by supplanting men in the workshops with women and children, we reduced the cost, because we paid less for about the same stent of work. We thought society economical by putting children at work at mining our coal; that the seventy-five cents paid for their daily efforts represents the cost to society for getting the coal out of the mines. But this is not the cost; it is the price.

The cost to society towers away above the price that figures in the commercial account current. The cost of working childhood at coal-mining is the brutalization of the embryo citizen; the killing of the love instinct that is in him, and destroying the possibilities of a glorious manhood. The price has been paid but the big end of the cost is still a liability.

By putting women to work in noisome sweat-shops we cheapen the price of shirt-waists. But we do not reduce the cost. Unfitting the toiler for normal motherhood, we encourage the production of poorly born children from her tired frame, and such progeny are in the account. Look there for the cost. We cannot destroy souls without finding the item writ large in the account at judgment day!

Man must work to enjoy life. When his work is to his liking, and he is fitted to perform the service, the cost is very little, or none at all. Then his work is educative and he develops; it is nourishing and he grows. If he be doomed to monotonous work that calls up no note of joy in his heart, and where no thought is necessary, wherein some muscles are overexerted while others have insufficient play, we make our toiler lopsided, and for his loss of symmetry and unfoldment society must pay, and it is in the account over and above the price we have paid with the dross of money.

When work is pleasure it requires no spielmark requital—the pleasure is its sufficient pay. Where

there is not joy in the work no price is sufficient. "It is only by thought that work can be made pleasurable, and it is only by work that thought may be made healthy."

Society is morally bankrupt. We have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage. The wealth of a nation does not consist of an inventory of its gold and silver coin vaults, nor its gold and silver epaulettes on the trappings of its military and naval heroes, nor its gold and silver trimmings on the apparel of dear Lady Disdain, nor in the gold and silver that flows through the arteries of commerce. The solid assets of society consist of its arts, not in pictures and statues in the museums nor in the monuments in the parks; not in the grandeur of the public buildings, but the pleasure in the lives of the people, made beautiful by devotion to the arts of peace.

Oh, Angels of Heaven and devils from Hades, come and help me to lament the great "I am"! Let us weep crocodile tears for man that built the world. Man has conquered nature, cleared the forests, erected great cities, and civilized a world—and has lost his own soul.

Art for art's sake; money for money's sake; knowledge for the sake of knowledge; science for the sake of science; virtue for virtue's sake—but nowhere anything for Man's sake. Man built a world and left himself out.

O Divine Mathematics! What a net balance is this!

THE UNIVERSAL SECRET

THE UNIVERSAL SECRET

WHAT is it that everybody knows, and is talking about, and still remains a secret? You don't know! Well, let me put the question differently. What is it that you discuss with your friend, with your husband, your husband with his friends; girls among themselves, boys among themselves; a respectable man never with a lady; a mother will keep it a secret from her daughter, a father from his son, a teacher from a pupil; something that everybody possesses, yet it is a secret? Well, I will tell you.

It is sex!

Anything pertaining to sex is talked of in whispers in society (for fear the guardian of morality might overhear). It is too vile a subject to be discussed. It is called immoral by church and state, and for that reason you can discuss it with your friends of the same sex behind closed doors, but not of the opposite sex under any condition if you wish to be classed among the respectable. We discussed it at the academy where I was sequestered. We locked the doors and talked about it. Yes, and we did more than that; we—no, I don't believe I will, until I consult the postmaster-general.

A friend of mine, a little Jew, was telling some stories of the Talmud, among them the ritual of sex. I tolerated it, there being others present. After they had left I told him that if he wanted to tell immoral stories, not to tell them in my house. My friends have told me the same things in a more forceful manner, and I did not think them immoral. The story in itself was not immoral; the immorality consists in that it was told by a person of the opposite sex. The wise by their continuous slander have created a feeling that sex and all its relationship is vile, and is to be dreaded, and is only tolerated as a matter that cannot be helped. How very much nicer, cleaner, and holier it would be if babes could be gotten from the church or government warehouses! How much cleaner and holier we would be were we sexless beings. Some of the wise are even looking for a time when we will evolve to a sexless state. O what a picnic! What a fool God must have been not to know in the first place that he had to wait for some people he made to get wise so they would be able to tell him how to work the game of evolution. But I think that he will not even consider that sexless-state proposition which is being agitated by the wise men. I think that now, like always, he agrees with Rosey, who declares that sex and the use of it is most divine. If there is anything that should be reverenced more than any other thing in the world it is sex. I do not mean motherhood — even the wise have no objection to that. I do not mean womanhood—I mean

the organ of sex. The whole universal scheme is sex—it is the holiest of holies.

The use of sex is evolution beginning with protoplasm and on and on until we reach man. Nothing is great that does not contain sex. There is no greatness in art unless sex be there. A painting is not great without it. It is the harmony of music, and poems would be dull without love of some kind. The plumage of the bird and its songs are all for the pleasing of sex. It is the cause of the struggle and happiness of the world.

The miner who spends his life in the mines does so to please a wife, a sweetheart, or his progeny.

The man who goes to war, the man who toils in the shop, he who works on the farm—all are moved by sex. It is divine and holy. Sex is the motive power, from the tiniest amœba to the most complicated organism. The urim and thummim was considered holy. With bare feet and bowed head the high priest approached it. With fear, reverence, and a trembling heart he consulted it, because through it God spake. Words or language that would be adequate for expression there are none; it is only when words fail us, it is only when language would blaspheme, and retard to silence—it is then, and then only, that we can worship the most holy of sanctuaries—sex. Through it God reveals himself.

The earth that possessed us before we were, and whither we shall all of us in due time return, what is it unless it be the sex of the universe. Mother earth we

call her, on account of her birth-giving nature. Minus everything attributed to womanhood, she does not nurse us nor possess the breasts of a mother; she is like a mother only in sex. The reception of the seed, the care of it, and the birth of an object is what you see in the earth.

Look everywhere! What do you see? The planting of an acorn and the birth of an oak; the planting of corn seed and the birth of a corn-field. The whole operation is birth and getting ready for birth, and seeing all of this, I feel that there is nothing diviner or more miraculous than sex and the operation of sex. Think of it! A seed planted and when rotten it takes root, and then the birth of a God!

The redemption of the world will be only when sex will be reverenced and honored, and when men and women cease to make traffic of themselves. Then we will not try to put asunder by intellectual rules that which life has joined together by Love.

WHERE I FOUND HIM

WHERE I FOUND HIM

GOD is where? What is He? And what are his schemes? Had I been wise I would have gone about solutionizing wisdomatically, by consulting the elders and the wise of the tribe. I would have sat at the feet of the learned and absorbed wisdom. Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, President Roosevelt, and Professor William R. Harper could have enlightened me.

But being as I am, I went about it like one hunting that which he really expects to find. When I look for my lost garter I do not go to the church or university to hear a lecture about it, neither do I go to the public library to read up on the subject. Instinctively I move chairs, bureaus, and dressing-cases. I light a match and look to see if it did not roll into some corner. The same way I went about finding God. I looked about! I found a world filled with entities. Some resembled me, some different, some I know not what they were. A being I discovered called "myself" separated from and struggling with the world. It was myself that was the most important, because it was I that felt, it was I that was impressed. It was I that had ambitions; like Atlas, I carried the world with its problems on my shoulders, and was afraid to move for fear that I would

slip and the world would fall and the problems would remain unsolved, for it was I that was to solve them. It was I, I, I. A God could not be found anywhere. There was no room for one. There was nothing that I saw that would indicate a God anywhere. There was nothing but objects and space. The objects were surely the objects and God could not be space.

My struggle with the world was great, and when I thought that I had almost succeeded in mastering the world it crushed me into a oneness with all-there-is.

Then I saw entities separated by space, united to each other by space which separates them. Nothing lives by itself for itself. Everything lives in the whole. To lose one's self in the whole is to serve and gain the service of the whole. This way God revealed himself and expanded through me and absorbed the world. I saw the oneness of it all. Then I understood the whole, felt the whole. I saw that problems are not in life, but it is in the being that is out of harmony with self yet in perfect harmony with nature. Like a pupil going to school unwillingly, so is the inharmonious self, trotting along in perfect harmony with the universal whole. God exists through the gratification of the desires of the entities of which life consists, they being charged with a nature that is impressed pleasantly and unpleasantly. One disintegrates and the other recuperates. It seeks the one and avoids the other. The sense nature is Life's guide. Things that are pleasant for it are absorbed, and things that are not are repulsed

by the vegetable. An animal will not eat anything that will injure his health. By instinct danger is sensed by all with more accuracy than by man with his psychic forces. And why not? Are they not a part of God, even as you and I?

Man also began with these sure and unfailing guides. They led him through the different periods of development from the protoplasm till he became man. By seeking pleasurable associations and avoiding the painful ones he reached the highest pinnacle. It was God evoluting himself by following his heart's desires. At this stage it was that man fell. He ate from the tree of knowledge and was driven out of Eden. He became wise and was going to do something for himself; his intellect made him deaf to the callings of his heart. He became ambitious to look for himself. His scheme was to work out his own evolution and leave behind the whole that sacrificed and contributed to his making. He was to build for himself mansions in the sky, put on wings and fly away, and like the fox in the fable he was rewarded. (A fox once crossed a creek with a piece of stolen cheese in his mouth; he saw his reflection in the water, and he opened his mouth to catch the shadow, thereby losing the morsel he had.) So by grasping with the intellect man's sense nature becomes perverted. And he has contracted abnormal desires. He overeats, overdrinks, overindulges in sex, and that works for his destruction. Abnormal desires are those you cannot gratify by gratifying them. The

more you indulge them the more your appetite for them is. He became subject to diseases unknown to any other being, and no sign of his repentance as yet. He still refuses to confess. He sees that a mistake has been made, but he is going to redeem himself. Were he less intellectually wise he would say to himself, "My troubles came because I listened to the clamors of my intellect. As they are faulty they guided me wrong. Henceforth I will hearken to Life, which guided me till now." But instead of that he reasons that his troubles came upon him because he did not heed his intellect enough. His ideals were not sufficiently high, he argued. He will make himself better by making laws to keep himself in check. He will fine himself for the gratification of his desires. He will put a license on drink and establish marriage as a preventive.

But "stolen fruits are sweet"—desires increase by prohibition and condemnation, and by restriction he became totally depraved. What he condemns in daytime he indulges in at night. So of all the beings in life, man, with his high ideals is the only prostitute. His hands, feet, brain, eyes, nose, mouth, stomach, liver, and sex he uses not for the purpose to which evolution dedicates them, but for traffic.

In going downtown, I noticed a crowd looking in at a window. I stepped up and saw a beautiful girl blowing soap bubbles. That would have been all right if it had been play. Her body would have been nourished

by the exercise, for she would have enjoyed it; but there she was in an illy ventilated space behind plate glass advertising a soap, that she might secure money wherewith to buy the things she wanted. It was degrading her body, and she was a prostitute accordingly.

Life created the brain to overcome difficulties, and the pleasure of overcoming difficulties is its joy; but to use it in designing the manufacture of adulterated food, embalmed beef, shoddy clothing, is prostitution.

And just as the whole person is affected when only one member of his body is used improperly, so when life has one specie that degrades itself, God as a whole is thus affected. So, if not for your sake, then let it be for the sake of the little collie dog I love, I implore you to cease prostituting yourself, as it hurt's Fido's dignity. A friend of mine, in deploring conditions, hoped that we would revise our statutes to make it harder to get a divorce. My remark that if I had my way I would give a divorce to any one who asked for it, was countered by the inquiry, "Do you want us to be like animals?" In her statement I found the keynote of the reasonings, also the root of the tragedy of the human family. Man acts according to what he believes himself to be and is not, therefore his actions are unnatural. The sense nature is God himself guiding himself through all that God is.

But man believes that he is not animal; he means that he is not subject to the universal law, that he can violate the principle of life and thrive. He thinks he

may blaspheme God and avoid the penalty, consequently he refuses to be guided by Life's guide. He prefers to plan, scheme, and to do everything contrary to nature's promptings, and if possible repudiate sense nature altogether.

Rent, interest, parasitism, governments, jails, churches, marriage, abortions, contracepts, doctors, lawyers, preachers, universities, sheriffs, elections, misery, trouble, and business are all institutions of the intellectual man. Animals have not got them and have no use for them. The only reason for their being is it give us an air of refinement, you know, to have such things.

Marriage does not prevent cohabitation; marriage gives an opportunity for degradation.

Theoretically marriage curbs passion; in reality it degrades womanhood—it licenses prostitution.

The father's and mother's desire that their daughter marry well is to make successful commerce of herself so that she will have an easy life. The girl in school, in the store, in shop, or in the kitchen, is ambitious to marry so she will not have to work.

"You have married me and have to support me. If you don't, I will put you where the dogs won't get you"—have you heard that? What is that except to get some one's support by selling yourself? He is called a clever young man who marries a rich wife. The dukes, princes, and barons who flock to our shore are all looking for easy snaps by making commerce of

themselves—selling their titles and throwing themselves in as a prize. They are prostitutes.

God's life would be as short as the life of its entities were it not for that sex sense which works for the perpetuation of life.

Evolution is a sex law. Natural selection, more and more complex organism, finer and finer reproduction, is God's method for beautifying himself in man. Protoplasm did not scheme to have a progeny different from itself. God in the entity of Mrs. Protoplasm desired to reproduce himself to something which he was not—and he did.

A woman desires to be mated to a man who possesses qualifications which make for better progeny—life seeking to excel itself. One flower selects the co-operation of another not of its kind, and new flowers come to be. One mineral selects another, and the birth of a new mineral is the result. New animals, new birds, new stars, and new worlds come to be from this natural selection. The intellect would call that selection prostitution, and the reproduction illegitimate, but there is no illegitimacy in God. Illegitimacy is an institution of the wise, and the wise are only a small part of Life, the same as the bastard and the fool. And whenever the wise become too wise God reveals himself in the guise of a fool to show them that they don't know the things they thought they knew.

Goodness and badness are within ourselves, from the very lowest to the very highest. Does it please or

displease us, is the test for goodness or badness. A thing, a man, an action, cannot be good or bad of itself. Its relationship to us determines its value. A thing does not please us because it is good. It does not displease us because it is bad. It is good because it pleases us; it is bad because it displeases us.

An over-ripe egg and limburger cheese are equally unpleasant to one of our senses, yet we call the cheese good and the egg bad because its relationship to our taste is pleasant as to cheese and otherwise in case of the egg.

Every one has the judge in his own heart. And the judges within ourselves render decisions, and we act in accordance with the bribe we receive, and the best of us along with the worst are being constantly bribed. The bribe always is satisfaction to ourselves. The only difference is that we are not all pleased alike. Some of us can be bribed with personal gratification, and some of us get our satisfaction only in the satisfaction of others. A good man is he whose satisfaction is the satisfaction of others. A bad man is he whose satisfaction excludes others. A good man is he who attains pleasure by seeking to contribute to the pleasure of others. A bad man is one who seeks the satisfaction of his own wants regardless of the interest of his fellows.

When I lose a thing I am just as much lost to the thing as the thing is lost to me. Our relationship is gone; we cease to be in communion with one another.

The soul of man is not lost that it needs be saved. Lost is the soul which thinketh that it needs saving.

The righteous and pious who condemn and claim that man's soul is lost and needs saving are in themselves lost to the extent that they condemn. So the soul which needs saving is not the one condemned, as the condemned do not condemn. The condemned do not cast themselves off from the virtuous. The virtuous cut themselves off from the thing they condemn, and thereby become lost and need saving. To the extent that you condemn, to that extent you are cut off from life and are lost; and moreover, life is hindered in its free action, even in the parts which are considered virtuous. It is not the sinner that Jesus came to save; the sinner is not lost. It is the saints who need saving. By condemning they are cut off from life, and they will be saved only when they reconcile themselves to whatsoever they condemn.

The sum total of my search is this: had I known enough to look for God in a wise manner I would have had a problem on my hands. As the balance is not at all flattering, and to keep my self-respect, I would have to condemn every other self, that I may place myself above them and thereby separate myself from God. Going about in the manner I did, I discovered God is everywhere, God is everything, and his schemes are to have a good time with himself and by letting life express itself through me to obey the callings of life through my heart I am at one with all-there-is—with the prostitute in the church and school, as well as with the one who sells himself or herself for a crust of bread. Therein lies the advantage of not being wise.

FREE LOVE

FREE LOVE

EVERY religion is based on a God of Love. The saying of Moses in the old testament, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and what Hillel in the Talmud said, "What is hateful to you do not to your neighbor," and that which is proclaimed by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and the one by Confucius, "Do not to another what you would not desire that he do unto you"—each of these sayings is called the Golden Rule, and they are accepted as a religious principle by a large following. Combined they cover the religion of the world. Why then do not the religious people religiously love? Why does wisdom then fail?

It is not for me to assume the guidance of the good and the wondrous wise; yet, may I not wonder whether the failure of practice to conform to precept may not be a misconception of love by the wise?

Suppose I had been experimenting with a coloring herb for years and had failed to get results. The very first to say that my formula is wrong would be the wise. They would insist that some one else should have the opportunity to try his recipe. I wonder what is wrong

with that Love scheme of the wise. Everybody seems to want it. It is talked about by all and no one seems to have it. What's up? Church and State have ever been repositories of this wisdom, so I blame them for the failure to make it work, and I ask you for the privilege of demonstrating my love formula.

Church and State would make us believe that love is injected by force; it comes, they say, from some mystic where to the chosen few, who alone can furnish that article to those who feel in need of it. Therefore they established institutions, such as Sabbath schools, sewing circles, social settlements, reform clubs, anti-cigarette leagues, anti-vice societies, and the thousand and one others, for the purpose of changing the heart of man. Man will love when his heart is changed, they all say. I cannot imagine any advantage in changing that shape, which required ages to evolve, to a round or star shaped heart. Beware, says Church and State, of getting love or into love by taboo paths. Obey Church and State, that thy days may be long in the sort of happiness which they ladle out to you. Love of any brand that has not the sanction of Church and State is lust and passion. To supply yourself without paying duty you are not only not receiving the genuine article, but are smuggling as well. The punishment for smuggling, if your case comes within the jurisdiction of the Church, is fire, brimstone, torment, ostracism, and other devices that may be summed up under the general head, Hell. Those who declare their alle-

giance by full payment of the required duties are promised harps of a thousand strings (with sufficient finger equipment to fetch forth heavenly music), golden streets, avenues of jasper and amethyst, radiant halos, rapid-action wings, and a large repertoire of songs. The State likewise has a schedule, whereby both rewards and punishments are not so long delayed.

These penalties, whether in the hereafter in hell or before you have time to get there, are in the name of love, law and order, progress, and good citizenship. After having a fair trial for a few thousand years, I charge them with incompetency, their formula being an entire failure. I have examined their books, and the net balance found is great liabilities and no assets. Man is further away from happiness and love than ever before they took charge. They had good advertising and a fair trial, and have failed to produce results. Man is getting further and further away from Love. Instead of here and there a murder they are slaughtering themselves and each other by the wholesale; strikes, lockouts galore; jails, prisons overcrowded; the soldier's home, the orphan's home, the homes for foundlings, the home for the incurable, the home for reformed prostitutes, testify that the people are getting further and further away from brotherly love.

"Reverse!" says Jacob. "The assumption that the mass of mankind is a loveless agglomeration of individuals is false, and accounts for the falsity of our common life. You have been trying to grow your

potatoes on top of the stalk instead of underground. They will not grow there. Nature has decided otherwise. If you desire potatoes you must look for them where life has placed them."

"Reverse your entire plan of life, cast away the things you have taken up; gather up the things you have cast away. Take off the label 'Evil' you have placed upon the things you have cast aside and label it 'Good.' Seek in the opposite direction for life, and you will find rest, love, and satisfaction."

There is in the heart of the "masses" a great surging volume of love seeking an outlet. There is in the hearts of these people a vast wealth of love that clamors to be freed from all imposts and repressions. But a sentinel stands in the way preventing expression. There is a taboo on free expression of Love.

This vigilant sentinel-inspector of the custom-house of Church and State stands ready to fire on whoever frees Love.

This is the world's tragedy, that its Love is in bondage! O for the great Emancipation! Sore is the heart of man, for Love is in chains!

Do you think people need to be educated to love? Observe the gallery of a cheap playhouse; hear the illiterate, unkempt street waif applaud with all the vigor that a loving heart commands when the heroine is saved from mimic danger. You laugh at the cordial plaudits that the gallery yields to melodrama. That is because you know no better than to mock the spon-

taneity of love. We dislike spontaneity. It is too free and unrestrained. We crave reposeful dignity. Think of a dignified Cupid!

Do you remember reading the story of that poor convict who escaped from prison and had succeeded in baffling the searching parties. He was securely shielded in a thicket near a village. There was an alarm of fire, and he heard a frantic mother shrieking for assistance for the rescue of her child. To offer help meant reincarceration. Nevertheless he did not hesitate. His face was scorched when he delivered the child unscathed to its mother, but under the soot and burns there was a look of satisfaction even when the officers took him back to his living tomb.

What is this enthusiasm of the newsboy and the convict? Is it not love? Society imprisons the one and degrades the other, because they are judged to be without love.

Take the word of a fool that society's wisdom is at fault. The misery of the world is due, in spite of all your findings to the contrary, to the fact that the heart is not free to express itself; and how to free the heart is the problem.

If I have an ulcer in my throat and am nearly famished because of the difficulty of swallowing my victuals, the problem that confronts me is not how to increase my appetite, but how to assuage it. Read the faces of the people and you will see that their heart is breaking because they love and are prevented expression.

The man who dropped a nickel in the cable slot to stop the car was wise in comparison to him who thinks that Love can live otherwise than free.

Love does not work at all unless it be so simple as to be automatic and spontaneous. It is not by "trying," but by "letting," that happiness is realized. Little children love without restraint, and they are and remain happy until a perverted education prompts them to suppress love. To love! To love freely without analysis or question. Love and the capacity to love increases until it is all-embracing. He who loves, loves even when hated, is true to the love law. If I love you because you love me, that is barter, not love. My love will then depend on the extent of your love for me.

If you love God because of the desire to go to Heaven, the conception you have of Heaven determines the extent of your love. As you really cannot conceive Heaven, you really do not love him at all. Anything worth having cannot be bought, therefore you get it for nothing. Love that can be bought is not worth the price. The most precious thing in life is the love of my mother. I received it gratuitously and undeservingly, giving pain in return. I love with all my being, even if the torments of Hell would be its reward. I love, because I love to love.

Love does not come by talking about it, not any more than a corn-field comes into being by talking about it. Suppose all the gardeners of the city would talk and pray flowers, how many flowers will you

have? How unreasonable you are to expect love to come that way. This is the law of propagation: a seed must be sown in order that an object may grow and multiply.

The blockade is effective, and I admit that I do not know how we shall raise it, for they who make it so can supply you arguments by the ton that it is wise as well. And the world is with the blockaders.

The miscreant who cries "Stop thief!" when running from his pursuers has this sort of blockader wisdom. Who, indeed, would think of seeking the thief at the very head of the chase? Likewise it is that they who most earnestly preach to us to love our neighbors are the most diligent in preventing us from giving expression to that impulse.

They who so loudly preach this—does their love evince any semblance of it in their treatment of their fellows? Is it love that proclaims that the husbandman must pay "duty" for the use of the earth? Is the love he preaches back of such a claim? It is the wolf in the covering of a peaceable lamb. Love is the landlord's mask. It is fair to look upon, and he employs the blockading forces of church and state to lull us with his false pretenses of love. And it is the chief business of society to justify the mask.

But a velvet glove covers the mailed fist. It is a part of the garish masquerade. And so we do not see the iron hand beneath its false exterior. We are soothed by the very insistence of kindliness which the

velvet glove denotes. And so we do not recognize the force that inheres in the armor that it conceals. Else would we discern the challenge and meet it. It's a clever game, there's no denying. And right well do the blockaders play it. The blockade is not maintained, they assure us, for our hurt, but for our protection. How dearly we love our protectors; and how well they know that when we discover that the mystic inscription on their banner means force that we too will employ force. But no one sees through the deception save here and there a fool.

Any scheme of society that requires force to maintain its stability must fail. Society professes to be the defender of right and justice. More than half of mankind accepts this protestation without cavil. Yet I am the only fool!

There's not a land title in all the world that is free from taint of force and fraud. Not one. For no one can claim title from the maker. And there is no other valid title to ownership. And they who defend land titles are accessory to fraud. This is a stern indictment, though writ by a fool. This army of fraud is the force that prevents the interflow of love that would make all the world a paradise were it free.

Your heart cries for a chance to live and love. It is dying to love and your wisdom stands in the way. How long, I ask you, do you think that Life will consent to let you suppress love?

Has not history taught you that when fools awake,

stretch, and shake themselves, the wise look foolish? I see that you do not understand.

One of the blockaders said to me not long ago that he could trace his title back to the original conqueror. He does not see the danger in the admission that his titles are of conquest, for I may some day feel like contending with him on that basis for his holding. When we no longer acquiesce in titles by conquest they will fall. And with the fall we will not need to meet force and fraud by force and fraud.

There is no love in bond-love. There is no freedom in love short of all freedom.

OSTRACIZED

OSTRACIZED

WALKING along the street one day, my mind occupied with the urgency of getting money that I might be successful, I came upon an object prone upon the sidewalk. "Some drunken old woman," I muttered to myself, as I passed slowly on. After having taken a few steps I stopped, seemingly compelled to look back upon the woman; I saw that she was struggling to get up on her feet. She had seen my action, and now as her eyes rested upon me, she stretched forth her arms and said:

"Sister, help me to get up, and I will make you free."

My sympathies went out to her at once; a desire came over me to help her, not because of her promise to make me free, as I was not aware that I was otherwise than free. We have freedom all over this great country of ours. Nevertheless, I was conscious of a hesitation, due doubtless to a fear that my yielding to compassion in giving a helping hand would be ruinous to my career.

"What will the people say," thought I. "They will surely laugh and guy me." With this thought I was about to proceed on my way, when the woman called out:

"I am not drunk, child; I am only weak from being knocked about so much." Her voice won me, it being rich, melodious, and soothing. I stepped toward her and at once assisted her to arise.

"For this kind act I will reward you. I will tell you the history of my life," she said. I know now that I did wrong in listening to her. As I look over the past I can see that it was she who arrested what might have proved a successful career. My evil nature managed to get the better of me. I gave her my arm and walked her away from the crowd, as though we were very intimate.

"I hate crowds," she said; "they are always so stupid that they are not accountable for their actions. They have eyes, yet do not see; ears they have, but hear not; minds they have, but think not. I hope you are not one of the kind to be found in that crowd."

She paused, focused her big, brilliant eyes on me, and continued:

"My story is this: When I was very young and handsome I fell in love with a young prince, and he with me. His father, the King, did not oppose the match, so in due time we were united. My prince was the handsomest and most accomplished in the world, learned, and a master of sciences. For miles people came to hear his lectures. He was sought by the sick; the lame he made to walk and the blind to see. His fame spread from one end of the world to the other. Beloved by all was he. We were happy, the prince and

I. Our children—you should have seen them! Words do not exist to portray them. The interruption to our happiness was due to the jealousy of a neighboring couple who were wrought up with envy because of the serene content I was enjoying. So one dark night, there being a violent storm, they crept into our house and imprisoned the prince. Thereupon they installed themselves—her husband as the prince, and herself as the princess. My beautiful children banished, and I know not where they are now. The imposters claim that their children are the children of royalty. I am broken-hearted!"

"It is strange," I said, "that a thing like that could happen and I should not hear of it."

"The people know it not," she said, "they cannot even suspect it, since things go on in our household as of yore."

"The pretender to my husband's estate gives lectures with grand display. The crowds who hear him applaud these deliverances. Their lack of lucidity invests them with an air of wondrous wisdom. So bitterly have they inflamed the people against us that I am the target of stones and revilement whenever I assert myself."

I begged her to tell me the names of herself and husband. Her name was Truth, she said, and that of her husband was Wisdom. Their children were Happiness, Justice, Art, Love, Progress. Falsehood and Deception were the usurpers.

"That story of yours is a strange one indeed, madam," I said, "but I have the impression that Wisdom will be found at the university."

"That's what they all say," she said, "but I have sought him there, and found him not. My husband's teachings are universal, not university. There the people have the privilege only of contributing. They who are debarred provide the food, shelter, and raiment for them who do not toil.

"The buildings are tainted by the sweat and blood of the disinherited, who 'built but enter not in.' It is the home of dissected half-truths—acrobatic intellectuality. They chew over the indigestible, unnourishable yesterday, to be vomited and injected into others tomorrow."

"Surely the university is better than no education," I interposed.

"Education! The university has corrupted the very word. Instead of 'drawing out' or educing the powers of the student by the process of unfoldment and expansion of the faculties of mind and body, the university's education means that some exterior influence is exerted on something to make it act, do, or think, contrary to the natural bent of the real self.

"When you say 'educated dog,' it means a dog that can turn somersaults, walk on two legs, and do things foreign to the real nature of dogs. An educated elephant is one that can waltz, stand on one leg, and drink whiskey. An educated horse is one that can

waltz, keep time to music—accomplishments which were not intended for it by nature. An educated horse is unreliable at the plow or other horse work. An educated man is one taught to live that which is not himself. His education deals largely with clothing, manner of walk, how to sit at the table and eat. To talk about things you don't like and look pleasant; act as if you enjoyed it, although you are bored. It unfits man for the work nature intended for him. He then becomes a helpless creature, living on the good will of others. No, my child, Wisdom is not in the university."

At this I said, "I can tell you where Art can be found. Perhaps she knows where her father is. We have a beautiful art conservatory here; it is the home of art, where all the doings in the art world must be brought and their merits discovered and approved or tagged officially inartistic. There is much learning in the critics' heads, so they tell me."

"It is true, my child," she said, "that Art is Wisdom's child. She is our first born, and was closest to my husband's heart. She is the pleasure and the happiness of those who know her, and is closely associated with all that brings joy to man. But Art is not where you suppose her to be. This curiosity shop, filled with statues, copies and imitations from the Mediæval and Greek, is a bedizened prostitute posing as my daughter Art.

"Art is life itself. It must come as an expression

from within the man. His environment and his whole life must be expressed therein. The Mediæval and Greek art express this. The pictures and the statues that were carved, the bronzes that were hammered, had places in the buildings; those buildings had space in the old city, which as a united whole expressed the life of those people. To call an abstract or carved figure art is like calling an abstract nose man. It is ridiculous!

"Art is in all the activities of man. Art is not mysterious; it is life, not limited to the palette and the chisel; it is the joy of work and the result of a labor of love. When the housewife goes about her work and sings, there is art. When a mother makes a nightshirt for the child she loves, no matter how crude it is, that is art, for the real essence of art is instilled into it; it is a work of love, a work of happiness. To recognize art you must sense the conditions that environ the man who made the thing. Did he derive pleasure from doing it? If the artist or the artisan has interwoven his heart and his life into his work, art is there, and radiates from the product and illumines it.

"You cannot confine it to walls. Like life, it is spontaneous. It cannot be planned, organized, bottled, or labeled. It is the fruit of the heart. It always is. When we aim to be artistic and organize for it we become art-less. Think of the futility of planning and organizing an affair of the heart! Think of organizing yourself to fall in love! We find evidences of such

fatuity in the Municipal Art League, organized to make Chicago a beautiful city. The result is so natural that its executive officer obstructs the street before his place of business with barrels, bundles, bales, and boxes."

"Now I have it," I said to the woman; "Justice will tell where Wisdom is, for where Justice is Wisdom cannot be far away. We will go together to the place where they punish a man if he does not deal in a brotherly manner. You can surely have nothing to say against this noble institution of Justice, where life and property are protected, and without which man would kill his brother and escape punishment for the crime."

"You are wrong, my child," she said. "The institution that is called Justice is conducted by the usurpers, who run it for their own benefit, and not at all for the happiness or advantage of the people. No specie of animal would tolerate being in prison and tortured by its own kind. Truth, Justice, and Wisdom need no force to compel obedience. Falsehood in the guise of protecting property needs force; and injunctions are issued against the toilers of the earth.

"This very morning," she went on to say, "I visited one of these market-houses. I saw one man justified for killing a fellow-man who had taken a pair of shoes, and another condemned for taking a bit of food to stay the hunger of a famished family conducted to a prison cell. The father was denied the opportunity of continuing his fruitless search for work whereby to earn them a pit-

tance, and his children are still hungry. And there were young girls who had been deprived of means to save themselves from want imprisoned for street-walking, by people who claim that the streets belong to the people. No, my child, neither Justice nor Wisdom will be found in such a place. It, too, is under the influence of Deception."

"Why don't you try the Church?" I asked. "There surely we may discover Wisdom. It is claimed God is there. The devotees at that shrine claim to be in constant communion with him, and they are very fine and honorable. They devote their time to fasting and praying; and are saving souls constantly. Think of the grandeur of such devotion! Yes, surely the Church will reveal the whereabouts of Wisdom, for I have been told that where God is, there is Wisdom."

"Alas, my child," sighed Truth, "you are wrong again. Two places there are where man seeks God and finds him not, within the walls of the temple, and at the graveside. 'You cannot imprison me between walls,' says God, 'neither is my place with the dead. I am the living God of the living. Where misery is I am. My abode is with the rebel, the thief, the sick, the prostrate, and the prostitute.' The churches save not; they sear the soul of man. Hypocrisy and Falsehood sit enthroned there. Neither these nor their disciples can 'save the unsavable.' Nor is that soul worth saving that would save itself. That soul that realizes the general welfare is saved. Whoso, then, strives

for the tranquillity of the social whole and 'seeketh not his own will find rest.'

"I know the very people," I suggested. "Think of the gentle and generous men and women in the Social Settlement work, who devote their lives and means to a kindly solution of social problems. These 'modern saints' are animated by brotherhood and good will; surely we shall find Wisdom there."

"Wisdom is not there," she responded. "The Social Settlement is only one other way of staying progress. Such expedients serve to palliate injustice—to quell the righteous insurgency of the disinherited and despoiled. It is a sop to the conscience of the amiable oppressor. This paltering with conscience is so much easier and cheaper than to 'get off the backs' of the beneficiaries. It is 'jolly' palmed off as justice. If you were obliged to carry a boil on your neck for the remainder of your life, its appearance would be improved if you decorate it. Better find a way to get rid of the boil."

"Look here, madam," I protested, with anger, "this wholesale condemning process will not do. This tearing down because there is some evil is uncalled for. You wish to destroy the Social Settlement and offer us nothing in place of the Benevolent Ice Fund and the Humane Pure Milk Supply. You wish to rob us of all. Truth would not tear down everything; it would preserve the good that is in the bad. I believe you are an impostor, madam, and—"

"Hush, child, not another word." She put her hand over my mouth so I could not speak and said:

"The Red Cross Society with its skilled surgeons and nurses, along with their surgical instruments, bandages, and liniments, and words of good cheer, do a good work to the wounded; likewise does he who rubs down the prize fighter; but in the name of my beloved Wisdom, let the war cease.

"Stop the music! Stay the hands of the Red Cross! Let the horror of war be seen as it is! Remove the glittering wrapper of patriotism! Let civilization be seen in its nakedness! Let the cries and grunts of the maimed, limbless, and brainless patriots who are lying on the battle-field of commerce pierce the Heavens and reach the soul of God! 'Your sacrifice nauseates me,' said God, my Father. Wisdom says that it it not evil that is to be feared; it is the good which is in evil which decoys innocence and snares the unwary. It is not the trap that plays havoc with the rat; it is that virtuous, good, and noble bait, that pious, saintly piece of roast beef enshrined on its altar which allures the rodent to the trap. If you are not in position to fill the hole in the pathway of humanity, for God's sake do not cover it with a spider-web. Falsehood by itself could harm no one; it could not exist. The interwoven grain of truth in falsehood is what works mischief.

"In place of war you shall have peace. You shall have sound limbs in place of crutches. Broad acres I will give you in place of stuffy garrets; instead of bottle

milk you shall have pure mother milk, distilled from nutritious food and fresh air, among the songs of the birds and the poetry of nature.

"Let there be justice and you will not need charity."

In despair I suggested that in the camps of the Socialists we might end our quest. "These good people," I declared, "make great and noble sacrifices in a worthy cause. Let them enroll a majority of the voters, and an era of peace on earth, good will to man, will be ushered in. No more the struggle for subsistence. No competition, no thefts, no harlotry, no jails. Every one will have plenty. The petty quarrels that might still arise could be speedily settled by judges selected by all the people, whereas under the present régime, capital administers government for its own protection."

"Wrong again, my child," she said. "Wisdom is not in that camp. Capital is not the oppressor of mankind. It is the power back of capital that perverts society. Capital is a servant. When it attains mastery it becomes mischievous. Possession of wealth is desirable. The triumph of socialism would centralize it. When your industries are administered by the State, every foreman in the shop will be a politician. The rights and privileges you still retain will be denied you under socialism. The freedom of the individual will be lessened. Your little satraps, drunk with power, will seize more and more power, and you will lose even your slender privilege to 'kick.' No man, be he ever

so pure, is strong enough and good enough to hold in his keeping the liberties of another. In short, you cannot obtain or maintain peace by force. The terms contradict each other."

All at once her eyes brightened and her mien transformed to a beauty and a grandeur that amazed me.

"See," she cried, as one enraptured, "I have found them—my mate and our bairns!"

I seemed to be floating in space. Presently I became aware of a bright and shining light. I was in the presence of a farmer spreading dung over the land, and he spoke to me while working.

"The more the stench of the dung, the more fragrant flowers it will produce," he said. "The rottener the manure, the more strength-giving fruit it will bring forth. Life has so decreed that when a thing has become so vile that it cannot get worse, then it is so good that it makes other things better. There is nothing in life so great that the very least cannot become greater by becoming still less; letting itself be used as fertilizer to make other things greater. When thoughts become very, very, foolish they become unexcelled as fertilizer. No being has so much knowledge that the one who knows not cannot excel it by knowing still less. Everything has its use. All is one. Until you understand—."

My heart trembled with fear, for a great darkness spread over the horizon. My senses were leaving me. I felt myself in the dung which was spread over the

ground. I felt myself becoming a part of the earth, a part of the grass, a part of everything there is. Then again I felt that all there was of me was gathered up and put into a body again, and I was still in the presence of Wisdom, Truth, and their offspring.

Wisdom held me in his arms; his hand pointed to what appeared at first as a cloud. Each moment it became more dense.

It was a monster with a thousand tongues ever and ever changing form. I discerned familiar phases.

There were swords and bludgeons. Caps and gowns and books. Reformers, Social Settlements. Successful business men, Christian Scientists, and prostitutes. Virtuous women, corsets, clubs, law and order, Bibles, and crucifixes.

And all these and more made up the monster, Prejudice.

I realized that I was now alone. I heard as from a thousand raucous throats a great cry, addressed, I knew, to me:

"Thou fool: thou art ostracized."

MY FIRST CASE

MY FIRST CASE

IT was a great privilege that was accorded me last night to be allowed to sit in the gallery and hear the speeches at the banquet. Our senior senator's response to the toast "My First Case," made so strong an impression upon me that even after I had crept into bed I thought of it. How great must be the satisfaction of a young lawyer who successfully pleads his first case in behalf of some poor client against a rich corporation! How gratifying to wrest victory from more experienced antagonists, and to be upheld by the presence of his friends and his sweetheart.

In my half-waking condition I was wishing that my career would have been one of a lawyer instead of a bustle-maker. Then, like a panorama, my life was mirrored before me, and in the moving pictures as they passed by I saw complaints, trials, verdicts; complaints, trials, verdicts.

Without realizing it, I have been in court from the day of my birth, constantly pleading my cases; and the prospects are good for employing the remainder of my days in court.

My first case began at my birth, although I did not possess, as yet, a diploma which would qualify me to

practice before a court of record. Nevertheless, I pleaded that case with all the force and eloquence my infant lungs could muster. When my mother substituted malted milk in order to save her breasts to decorate a décolleté gown for receptions, balls, and parties, I felt that I was being swindled of what life had bequeathed to me. What right had that mother of mine to use that which nature intrusted to her keeping to be used as a distillery and a store-house for my food as an ornament with which to decorate herself at gala shows. To misuse that with which one is intrusted is a violation of a trust and the offender guilty of breach of trust. To squander a trust fund and to substitute something else of an inferior grade is fraud. Though I survived this ordeal, my mother was putting herself into the attitude of a potential murderess, for I might have died of such treatment. I protested against this larceny as bailee. I registered my complaint by kicking, crying, and screaming. Mother gave me over to my nurse, and she tossed me about and finally put me in my cradle, and called the doctor, who put a few drops of dope in my food, and I went to sleep exhausted. Thus I pleaded and lost my first case.

The next picture which appeared before me was when I, a child of two years, stood looking out of my window and seeing, other children enjoying themselves playing on the street, while my clothes, nurse said, were too fine and my parents too rich and respectable for me to play with common people's children, and when

I cried nurse took me in her arms and pointed to some kind of a chart which hung framed on the wall and said that this was a "family tree," and people who have them must not cry.

What right had they to impose their respectability and the dignity of their riches, which I did not care for, and of which I did not know the use, upon a helpless, defenseless child? And even to this day I do not know and cannot understand what good a "family tree" is. Life had appointed them guardian to care for me in the best possible manner till I should be able to care for myself. What right did they have to impose their loveless life upon me? And when the male guardian of the family came home from his club the worse for liquor, what right had he to "tootsie wootsie" and kiss me and make me sick with his vile breath? I pleaded my case by pulling my father's whiskers, by kicking the governess, and running away whenever the opportunity offered. Nevertheless I lost my case.

Later, when my parents separated because of incompatibility, and I was placed in a convent by the order of the court, my emotions sought expression in playing. But the rules of the convent did not permit play. Instead, they crammed me with information about things that did not concern me and refused me answers to questions upon that which interested me. They made me pray when I had no prayer in me, and they read all the letters that I wrote and received. I protested against this invasion and abridgement of my

liberty by crying and scolding the nuns, and by running away several times, but was always taken back to endure even more vigorous restraint. And so I lost my case. I seemed to be the victim of a conspiracy to cheat me of my inheritance. But I thought that probably if I would endure it for a while that when I had become grown up I should come into my estate of liberty. But in this expectation I was doomed to disappointment as well as before, for when I reached womanhood I found that I was expected to permit others to shape my life for me.

The next vision on the panorama is the saddest of my life, seeing two of my sisters die, one of consumption, being unhappy with her husband, and not being strong enough to withstand the drain of successive child-bearing upon her tired frame. Children kindly nature had given her, not of a normal motherhood demand but because her husband was the provider and my sister a woman anxious for peace submitted to his vile passions rather than to have him nagging. Mother nature cares not for the cause of the demand made upon her; so long there be a demand she supplies without question. And so my sister died.

The cause of my other sister's death was likewise a "brute of a husband." Sisters, dear sisters, how I mourn you! How I mourn your sacrifice to conventionality! I should think that this monster convention would have been satisfied with two sacrificial offerings in one family. So when my maternal feeling got

so strong, and the desire to become a mother so great within me, I thought that I should be permitted to become one without pledging my body for life to a man whose attentions I would probably not care to receive after conception. The fish of the sea have their appointed time to propagate. The fowls of the air have their mating seasons. The beasts of the forest their breeding periods. But you, my brother, impose your uncontrolled passions on your mate in and out of season.

I, a full-grown woman, passed the age of thirty, I thought would be permitted to select the man that should father my child. And not heeding my neighbors when they tried to dictate to me by whom, when, and how I should become a mother, I am indicted as being an unfit person to be admitted to the homes of my fellow-citizens. Ostracism from my fellow-beings is the verdict they ask public opinion to give. And even now, when my child is four years of age, I have fully proven to convention that a child that comes into the world because of the demand of the mother, will be provided by life with all the love it needs.

Yet I am dragged into the Court of Public Opinion, my accusers asking for my condemnation, and put upon my defense.

In my reverie I seemed to arise slowly, perfectly conscious of my victory, knowing the responsibility devolving on me, ready and willing to plead not only for myself but for the freedom of my sex. So, facing

the court, and in a clear and distinct voice which seemed to ring through the court-room, I said:

"The honorable Court of Public Opinion, and the citizens under its control: there is a feeling abides with me, a conviction I might say, that you will deliberate this case carefully, without any fear and prejudice, in the most calm manner, as the happiness of womanhood is at stake. Your own happiness, as well as your daughter's; your sister's as well as my own. I beg of you to please record that I am not now setting up any defense against the charge with which I am confronted. If my desire and anxiety would be for my acquittal I would let the case go before your honorable body for decision without setting up any defense, as my accusers have not proven the charges set out in the indictment. I admit that I am associated, in fact very intimate, with Love. But it is admitted by all, and I have even heard this honorable court say, that to love is no crime. But, say they in the indictment, that I use my love with a hypnotic power, and thereby I destroy and wreck the life of Happy Homes. And say they in the indictment, that I have freed Love and thereby wrecked Happy Homes; that would make the charge against me accessory before the act.

"The law of evidence is very clear that when a person is charged with murder it devolves upon the prosecution to produce the 'corpus delictu.' Unless it be shown that there had been such a person as the one with whose destruction I am charged, I must be ac-

quitted, however strong the chain of circumstantial evidence connecting me with the crime. The prosecution of this case has failed to produce any evidence that Happy Homes was seen recently. There is no evidence whatever that I was ever acquainted with Happy Homes. Happy Homes, as the court knows, is a myth. For centuries Happy Homes has had no existence, and I could not destroy what did not exist. So if I were alarmed for my personal safety, though I would not say anything in my defense, you could not do otherwise than to acquit me for lack of evidence.

"My object, your honors, in standing now before you is not to defend but to accuse. Transformation has taken place. Instead of the accused criminal begging for mercy, I stand as an accuser demanding justice!

"Here, now, I see the proper opportunity to charge my accusers with the most heinous crime of conspiracy. From the day of my birth until the present time there was not a day that passed that they did not harass me and make my life miserable. Fear and Prejudice, my accusers, are dishonorable, and should be banished from any community. I will show to this honorable court the true character of two of the most dangerous traitors that ever inflicted mankind. Always conspiring against the community which honors them. Ungrateful wretches! The more you respect them, the more you nourish them, the more you fondle them, the more miserable they will make you. They will devour your very happiness.

"If this honorable court please, let Fear stand up so you can have a good look at him. Look how miserable and cowardly he acts! See how he cringes!

"Come out, Fear, from behind that child! Come out, Fear, from behind that woman's apron there! Let the court see you! You are always hiding behind children and women! Always afraid of what will become of the poor defenseless orphans and widows. What has Fear ever done for them? It is Love, my comrades, that cares, provides, and suffers for the children and the women. It is Love that makes the bread, it is Love that fashions the clothes, it is Love that builds the houses for the use of the women and children. And here, Prejudice, stand up and let the court see you. You looked like a mountain when you were my accuser, and like a tiger you were fierce when you made the charges against me. But here as I assert myself—

"Here, your honorable court, I can't find Prejudice anywhere. He has vanished though all the doors are locked. I demand that an attachment be issued by this honorable court, and let Prejudice be brought before this honorable body, that the court may see. There is really nothing to Prejudice; there was nothing in him in the first place. It was only the noise they have been making. I have no dealing with either Fear or Prejudice. When you know what they are you can go about your business unmolested by Fear or Prejudice.

"The danger, my fellow-citizens, is when you do

not know them. The danger is when you are not acquainted with them. It is then that they destroy the possibilities of Freedom living in your community. Happy Homes could not have lived in the community where either Fear or Prejudice existed. Fear and Prejudice have stolen the outer garments of Happy Homes and make of them a flimsy disguise for Miserable Homes and Wretchedness.

"And here in the audience, your honorable court, I see Economics. Come, Economics, and testify in my behalf before this honorable body. You have traveled all over this land; tell us if you have seen Happy Homes anywhere. Tell the honorable court of Public Opinion, please, what you have told me, that 'fear of poverty has driven away any possibility of Happy Homes anywhere.' Tell the honorable court, too, dear Economics, whether or not you have not found Miserable Homes masquerading in the garb of Happy Homes wherever you went. And there is Miserable Homes; you all know him. He will testify that he holds the life lease on all the homes, even on the home of this honorable court. And the lease which I have seen is signed by Fear and Prejudice. So I implore this honorable court, if you desire to have happiness in this community, banish these ever-devouring monsters and conspirators, Fear and Prejudice, along with their retinue, out of the land; then we can all enjoy love in freedom, and we will hail with joy the return of Happy Homes."

A hush fell upon the assemblage as Respectability,

the court crier, announced that the honorable court of Public Opinion was ready to render a decision.

In tremulous voice, and without lifting his eyes from the paper on which his verdict had been transcribed, Public Opinion read as follows:

"It is customary for those who are under the jurisdiction of this court to subscribe to appearances. While we are aware that Miserable Homes is a guest at the fireside of each of us, we are justified in acquiescing in the assumption that Happy Homes dwells with our neighbors. The law upholds many 'legal fictions'—some of them having been cherished so long as to have all the sanctions we accord to truth. We must, in so far as we have the power, protect our established legal fictions. Properly, therefore, society punishes with ostracism all who strip bare such professions as we regard valuable. However, as this court has jurisdiction only over those who are willing to be wretched in order to hold certificates of respectability (on the well-known principle that every just court derives its powers from the consent of the judged), this court can mete out justice only to those who consent to its dominion, yet disregard its mandates. This defendant, preferring to be ruled by her own conscience rather than to keep up appearances, seems to be outside the jurisdiction of this court. This tribunal is, and of right ought to be, a terror to those under its control, but it must recognize an inclination to accord some measure

of admiration to such as have the courage to defy it. The defendant stands acquitted."

(To a newspaper reporter the learned judge later made the private admission that there was more of policy than kindliness in his decision, inasmuch as the class of insurgents which the defendant represented might some day be the leaders of public opinion themselves.)

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, who had been an attentive listener to the proceedings, added éclat to the ovation that was given me as I left the court-room by shouting, "I propose three cheers for the woman who dared."

BOILED CABBAGE

BOILED CABBAGE

PERHAPS you understand such things better than I. As for myself—really I admit myself unable to fathom the why and the wherefore of such simple natural phenomena as the transformation that takes place in things when they experience chemical and electrical interference. All I know is that they change, and I am satisfied. Like all natural phenomena, it exists, and I do not know how to figure out the why. The change which takes place can be sensed, it can be felt, smelled, or seen. Why is it that a head of cabbage, fresh from stalk or stall, is so different an entity after the simple process of boiling? We are aware of the difference through several senses, but chiefly by assault and battery on our sense of smell. Is the art of cooking some improved or retrograded science of alchemy? None but an alchemist of high degree could assume the audacity to convert a raw potato into *pommes de terre au gratin.* Any kitchen scullion could tell both you and me a great deal about salads and other such matters. Our chef accomplishes miracles, but I venture to say that he has never yet essayed to account for the marvel. The chemist can tell us all about the ingredients and chemical properties

of cabbage; but can he give me the reason for the cabbage law? Can he tell me why a potato gets soft and an egg hard when boiled?

An acorn falls; it takes root. Lo! an oak. The contact of the acorn with earth, the sun's rays, the gentle rain, the tempered wind, the dew, and that indefinable essence of life—these combine to uprear another oak-tree in the forest. I have heard no grumbling in the woods; the forest is content. The other trees make neither comment, cavil, nor complaint. Acorn was. Earth is. The young oak is.

And so, when a human entity is attracted here to the sun, the rain, the wind, and the multifold unseen and impalpable forces and influences that make for growth, and which we call life, we realize a like phenomenon. There was one. Now there be twain.

My befuddled brain puzzles wearily with the mystery. Yet mystery on mystery. Why is it that society persists in multiplying mystery? For is it not a certainty, while the sapling in the forest meets a welcome, the newcomer into society requires credentials? Neither the cook nor the alchemist from whom the cook is descended can help us here. It's all well enough to understand that cabbage becomes acceptable by being boiled. The like process will not operate kindly in the matter of babies.

No, clearly the alchemist nor his cousin, the wizard, can help us in this dilemma. The magician has but to say "Presto, change!" or some equally

potent phrase, and the thing's done in a jiffy. If he omits the formula the change refuses to occur. While in magic also the change is visible (if the operator be apt), the distinction which society imposes is quite beyond the discernment of the senses, even the most common.

"You are a bastard." This is said to me with a fine scorn that is designed to convince me that in comparison with others there is a vital defect in me. I am under standard. In commerce I should be classed as "seconds." My worth to society is below par. My own observation convinces me that the classification of inferiority imposed upon me lacks validity. I am well-knit. My carriage and demeanor unexceptionable; my muscles are well developed and supple. Stately, well proportioned; clean-cut features. I am accounted no mean antagonist, and can "hold my own" in debate on most topics. My mirror (one of the best makes) reflects, without reflecting upon, my comeliness; and lays some emphasis upon even white teeth, virile hair, and a complexion not too tawny to hide the crimson flood that flows freely through my veins.

"Seconds!" Nay, nay! Not so. Without the whispered cue, even society would rank me as an "A Number One" article.

I have heard a woman declare that she would give some of her thousands for some of my hair. Another craved my complexion. A third envied me a voice, which, in her ecstatic admiration she averred to be most melodious.

There's nothing of the "slouch" in me. You should see me at work. Ah! I love my work, and because of the joy I have in it I easily excel those who feel it a drudgery to perform one-half my stent. Yet I am a bastard. "Presto, change!" was not said over the union of my parents; and I am neither an accident nor a child of convenience. My father did not seek my mother to supply the need of a housekeeper, nor did my mother crave a home.

My mother is the woman of my own choice. While I was still in the very blood of my father I felt her presence. I intoxicated him with a passion he could not withstand. How I longed for her—my mother—to receive me. In her blood was floating about that which would complete me. How deftly I schemed and contrived my father's introduction to her. And his execution of my impulse was perfect. How I compelled him to caress and fondle the sweet mother of my choice! When he kissed her lips it was I that kissed her. His arms about her were the arms that were to become my arms. It was I who made his heart palpitate with joy when she was near, or even in his thoughts, and I brought her to his thoughts when she was far away. I would not let him give place to any other thought than thoughts of her—my mother.

People said that he was mad. Yes, with a divine madness. And it was I who had made him so.

And how restless was that complement of me that my mother's blood held in suspense when it compelled

her to realize that the comely youth who was to father me held in his being the corresponding atom of me!

The blushes that suffused her beauteous face were responses all to my allurements. I went to her brain, and she could think but of him. Her eyes had vision for none but for him. Yes, I caused her pain, much pain, but not more than was good for her. For her pain brought compensating pleasure that put all pain and thought of pain to rout. Waking and dreaming, she knew me, and all that I would be to her, and she knew naught else but me—and the youth who carried me in his rushing tide of life.

Not for myself alone was I enlisted in the choice of my parents, but more because of all the future generations that were pent up within my womb while I was floating inchoate in the blood that coursed through the hearts of my mother and my father.

And of that conjunction of the me in my father, and of that in my mother that longed for me, I became unified. Such love as interflowed betwixt them twain was the soul struggling to be born, to be properly born and beautifully expressed. My parents loved, and I am the fruit of love. Their love was perfect, and my birth was perfect, and I am perfect. I am the child of Love, and I am Love.

Yet I am a bastard, for no hocus-pocus incantation was chanted over the nuptials from which I issue. No wizard, no priest, no magistrate, had lot or parcel in my borning. Hence I am greater than Magic, greater

than the Church, greater than State. I am the incarnation of harmony, the essence of happiness, the product of nature. And you, unhappy children of chance, unwelcome and dreaded in your coming, how I pity you! I look into your tired faces, racked bodies, clouded brains, and loveless natures, and do not marvel to find you true to your father's superstitions. No, I do not despise you, nor will I deny you the benefit of my love. I love you, for I am the child of Love. Such am I, the bastard.

"IT IS FINISHED"

"IT IS FINISHED"

I CONFIDED to a wise man my intention to write a book, and requested that he suggest a title. He advised me to call it "Thoughts of a Fool," and he explained that his counsel was not based alone on his estimate of my inferiority to the wise, but that I was specifically foolish to expect fame, appreciation, or money for my efforts.

Later, when I submitted the manuscript for his approval it was not approval I got, but a lecture so animated in objurgation that its import is worth recording. He commented with itemized disfavor upon each chapter as he read it, and summed up his appraisal at the end of the reading with the assurance that what I had written was "rot."

"Tear it up!" he said. "It is 'no good.' It is, as I have said, the veriest balderdash, rubbish, rot. Your stuff would raise questions in the minds of your readers to which you afford no adequate answers. A book should deal with the Ideal. To be worthy, it should build up, while you tear down. It should educate, not derogate from the sum of wisdom which the world has been ages in accumulating. Besides, you are inconsistent throughout, for you do not believe in condemn-

ing, yet from beginning to end you indulge in a succession of condemnations."

So now that I have succeeded in enlisting a publisher, it is but fair to you, my reader, that you be taken into my confidence; and I want to leave no question in your mind concerning myself. The thoughts and ideas in this book must stand for themselves. I claim only to be the messenger of these ideas. I am only the cornet on which Life sounded the notes, and the melody that has been evoked is true to the manipulation of the Master Player. I was absolutely will-less in Life's hands. And so, when I came upon the trail of Truth I cared not whither it would lead. I indulged no preconceived notions as to what I wanted it to be, or to be like. Therefore I believe myself to be consistent because Life is consistent.

Words, words, words! How can you express Life—how can you express something that is greater than you? You have your place, but not the whole place. It is you that make Life inconsistent when you represent Life. You who hearken to false witnesses will give false verdicts. Words themselves will tell you so, and when they do they are in harmony with Life and are Life.

I saw words that were aflame with Life. I saw words that burned like living fire. I saw words that aroused anger and resentment; and words that calmed the storms of passion; words that refreshed and invigorated like the friendly rain after a parching drought. I saw

complex words and I saw simple words, and there was Life in them all. I saw cruel words that pierced like daggers, and words fraught to the full with balm of happiness. When words take their rightful place, and are satisfied to be what they are—merely words—how illimitable their sphere enlarges—how grand and potent they become!

The words in this book are the words of Life. It remains for you to decide what relationship exists between you and the words in this volume. Without effort to be consistent it is consistent; and by tearing down it builds up. Its education of you progresses as it succeeds in tearing away the mask you wear.

Consistent! I am consistent when I do not condemn, for neither does Life condemn. Life gives itself alike to the just and to the unjust. And I am consistent when I condemn, for Life, too, condemns.

I am consistent in my condemnation of you when you condemn yourself by concealing yourself behind a mask. You condemn your acts, and for that reason you cover them. I do not condemn you for what you do, but for wearing the mask—the mark of your self-condemnation.

You are inconsistent in your self-condemnation, nor is there sincerity in it. For when you condemn a thing you cover it over, in order to protect and conserve the very thing you condemn.

What Life condemns it extirpates. It has served its time and its occasion, and is condemned to be no more.

Life executes its mandates, and from its judgment there is no appeal.

I know that you are what you are because you were what you were: and you will be what you will be because you are what you are. The action of Life through me upon you is in the process. I condemn your condemnations, and by condemning them I destroy that which I condemn, and leave you free from that which is condemned, instead of shielding you and protecting that which you condemn.

For, look you! Life it is and Life alone that has the power to condemn, for the thing that is dead is condemned to its grave, while you have fertilized with your concealments the things you have condemned, and they have flourished under your condemnation.

And as to Ideals. You cannot fall short of your highest ideals when you are purged and cleansed of that within you which condemns. The residue—the real You—is pure, holy, divine. What greater ideal could you entertain?

Nor need "human nature" be changed to accomplish the transformation. Does not your nature help me preserve the very thing which I wish to preserve? You condemn, but nature in you, which is my Master as well as yours, preserves that which I need, and when I condemn your mask to be shattered to fragments you will then come forth like the little chick when the time has come for its emergence from its imprisoning shell. When the hour strikes you will heed the clarion call of

Life to unmask—to leave the outworn shell and blighted mask behind which you were to get the experiences that fitted you to stand forth as one of whom it might with truth be said: "It is Finished."

Brother! Sister! Life has condemned the divided house in which you have been dwelling—condemned it to its fall. Life has condemned in you the old, that the new may become established. You will be transformed into Man! A New Man! A man with a new sense—a sense capable of conscious happiness—of a happiness that the old could never know. A peace, indeed, that passeth understanding.

Life is building a new world, and preparing new beings to inherit the fullness thereof. New beings that will sense the full fruition of the comradeship of Man. Can you picture an ideal destiny transcending this—that you are in the laboratory of preparation to become a master-builder in this new-world building process? Yes, Life is making you over in its seething crucible, that you may realize the Joy of Life—such joy as you have never known.

The old world—the shell in which you are being formed—is pleasureless to you. You conceive of pleasure only by the intellectual deduction that pleasure ensues when pain ceases. Pleasure and pain are comrades; one follows the other as light succeeds darkness. So, too, does happiness follow misery.

It will come, brother, whether you want it so or not. You cannot stop progress any more than you can stop

the sun from shining. To stand in the way of progress is suicide—like standing in the way of an express train at full tilt; you are ground beneath the wheels, while the train rushes on, heedless of the trifle that has sought to stay its flight.

Life has you in its laboratory. It is making a new man of you. And you will build the new world. A world in which joy will be in everything well done. Work will be a pleasure. A new civilization approaches. It will bring with it new concepts—new concepts of work. Man has passed through the theological civilization to the capitalistic, and our concept of work has changed in the process. In the theological civilization all human activity, mental and industrial, sprang from the church. All that was achieved was done in the name of the church—God and the church.

Painter and sculptor spent their lives in embellishing a cathedral. Labor was deemed a curse of God on man. You must labor because you have sinned, was the call of the church to diligence. All the "better" industries were fostered by the church, and the laborer was a galley slave. The redemption of Adam was to be a surcease from exertion. Labor was esteemed a punishment for sin, and Salvation was a promise of endless idleness.

Man went to war for the church, for then the church was supreme. Now capital is supreme in the minds of men, and with the newer sovereignty comes a remodeled philosophy. Work is no longer viewed as a curse. We

work because of our present needs rather than because of a desire to expiate the sin of Adam. Nor do we now kill people for God's sake or for the greater glory of the church. We do our killing in the name of Commerce, for the establishment of broader markets. Expansion is our war-cry. When a railway magnate declares that God in his wisdom had given him and his associates control over the coal deposits of Pennsylvania, the good people laughed at him. Not because they disputed the ownership of the select. No, they concede thus much. They smiled at Mr. Baer's anachronism. He was some centuries behind the times, invoking a dethroned sovereign instead of the recognized reigning monarch. Five centuries ago all ownership was justified as from the grace of God, and no one had then the temerity to laugh the pretension to scorn.

In the new civilization—in the new world that is to be built by man for Man, rather than for God and Capital—work will assume a newer and saner phase. We will work because of the pleasure we shall derive from serving. We will serve well because we will love well. And he will be greatest among us who serves most, until in the common love and service all distinctions of greatness will be dissolved in the effulgence of boundless, bondless Love.

Can you conceive of this? Can you see the new world coming?

Yes, it is coming, and it will be built by you.

Yes, you are condemned to the cross of the great prep-

aration, that in your resurrection you may build a new world, here and Now.

So, you see, that mask of yours served its purpose. You were at a masquerade, and it was fitting you should wear your mask. But midnight approaches. Only a few minutes more, and life will remove all masks. Then you shall stand revealed to me as you are, and you shall see me as I Am. And we will recognize each other as comrades, and laugh together at the way we fooled each other with our sham.

Hark! Do you hear the gong?

Lo! the hour is at hand.

TAKE OFF YOUR MASKS.

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